Saturday Review

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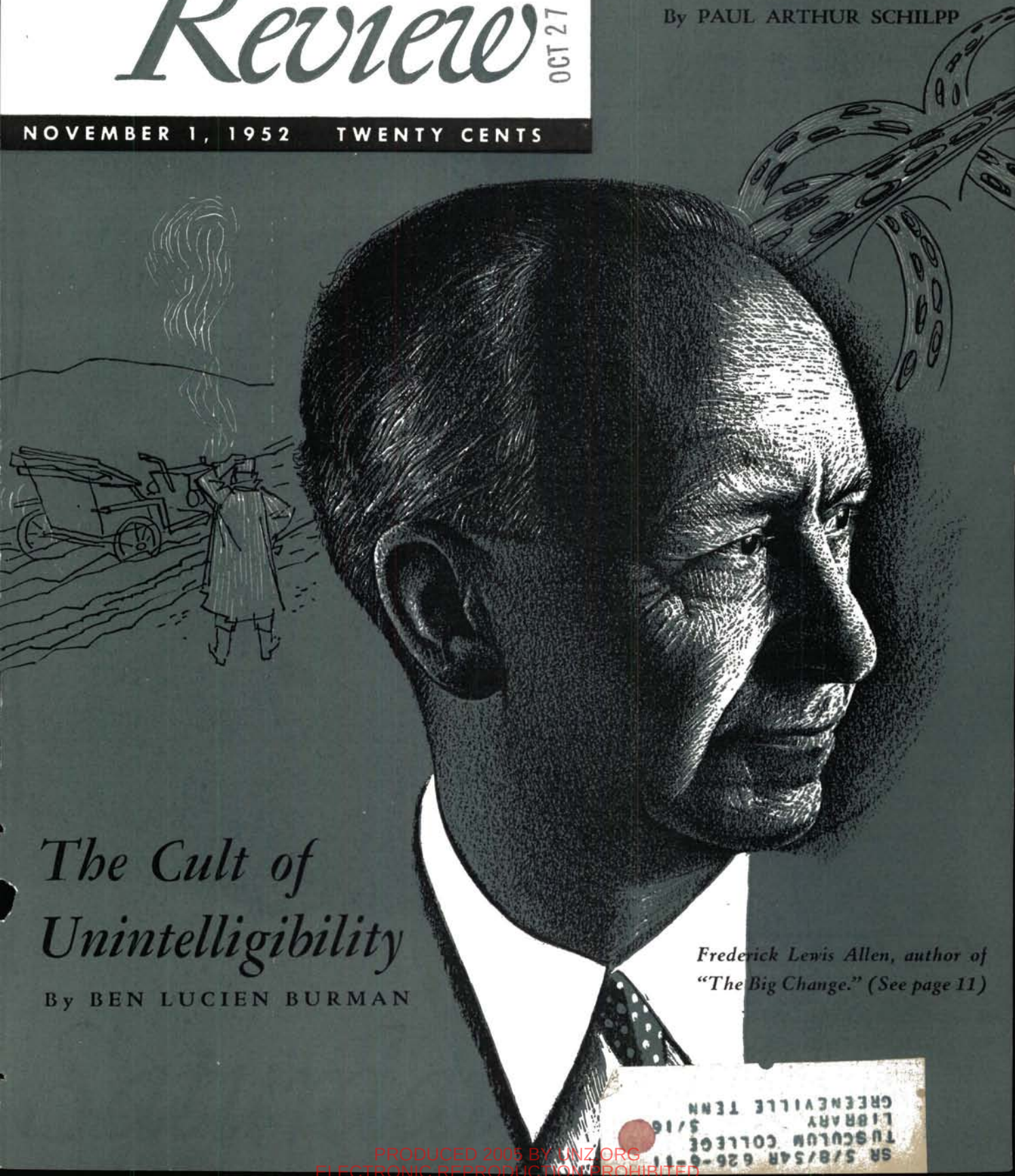
By PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP



The Cult of Unintelligibility

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Frederick Lewis Allen, author of "The Big Change." (See page 11)

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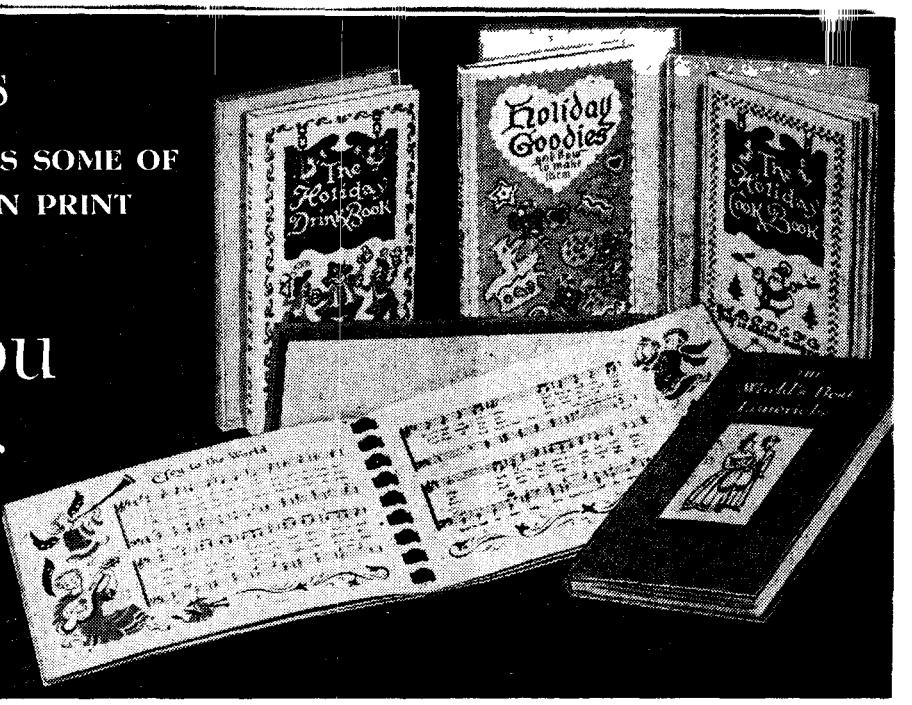

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 1, 1952

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Good News

▶ The British Government has informed Egypt's Maj. Gen. Naguib that it would release $14,000,000 from Egypt's sterling balances as a practical gesture of goodwill, and the Israel Government has agreed to the release of all blocked bank accounts belonging to Palestinian Arab refugees, estimated at $14,000,000 to $15,000,000, a move which has been hailed by the U. N. Palestine Conciliation Commission as an important step toward settling the remaining disputes between Israel and neighboring Arab states.

▶ Dr. Harold R. Cox, of Lederle Laboratories, has reported success for the first time in growing in chicken eggs a virus that causes poliomyelitis. The accomplishment has led scientists to hope that it might point the way to the development of a potent vaccine against polio that could be produced on a large scale and at low cost.

▶ During the past decade the number of forest fires has dropped appreciably. In 1942 about 210,000 forest fires swept over thirty million acres of forest, range, and watershed lands. In 1951 164,090 forest fires burned 10,781,039 acres. To date the 1952 record is even better than last year's, with more people using the forests than ever.

▶ The Government has found that for every dollar invested in rehabilitating the physically handicapped ten dollars has been returned in the form of income taxes. Last year the Government spent $21,000,000 on rehabilitating 67,000 disabled workers and as a result their earnings increased from $16,000,000 to $116,000,000. This year the nation's productive effort will gain 100,000,000 man-hours from the rehabilitated men and women of the disabled labor force. One automobile engine parts manufacturer employing ninety handicapped workers found that in 1947 there was not a single lost-time injury among them. In the following year their safety frequency was 0.05 as compared to 19.2 for the industry as a whole.

▶ For the second successive year Spain has enjoyed an above-the-average agricultural yield that will enable the Government to meet the national needs without recourse to rationing. Twenty-eight million Spaniards will have enough to eat for the next two or three years even if crops should fall below average, and prices of bread, oil, and other necessities can be kept down to ease the economic plight of the lower classes.

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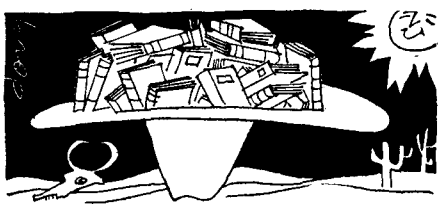
TRADE Winds

CITIZENS OF THE SOVEREIGN STATE of Texas, who can view their own shenanigans with a great deal more objectivity than most outsiders give them credit for, have not reacted to Edna Ferber's "Giant" with the fury expected of them. Carl Victor Little, Houston's usually mild-mannered philosopher and critic, is, in fact, the only Lone Stater who really seems to have worked himself up to a boil over the book, and there is good reason to believe that even his pyrotechnics have been performed with a weather-eye



firmly cocked on the box office. Carl, as John Crosby points out in his new "Out of the Blue," has learned that "the most popular columns, alas, are always the most damaging ones"—that most critics "are incoherent in their admiration but afflicted with a formidable coherence when they disapprove"—and that "a sad commentary not just on critics but on humans in general is that the most interesting part of a dinner-table conversation is never when you're talking about that nice Mrs. Barnes who is so wonderful with her children, but when you're carving up that Smith witch who is always making passes at someone else's husband."

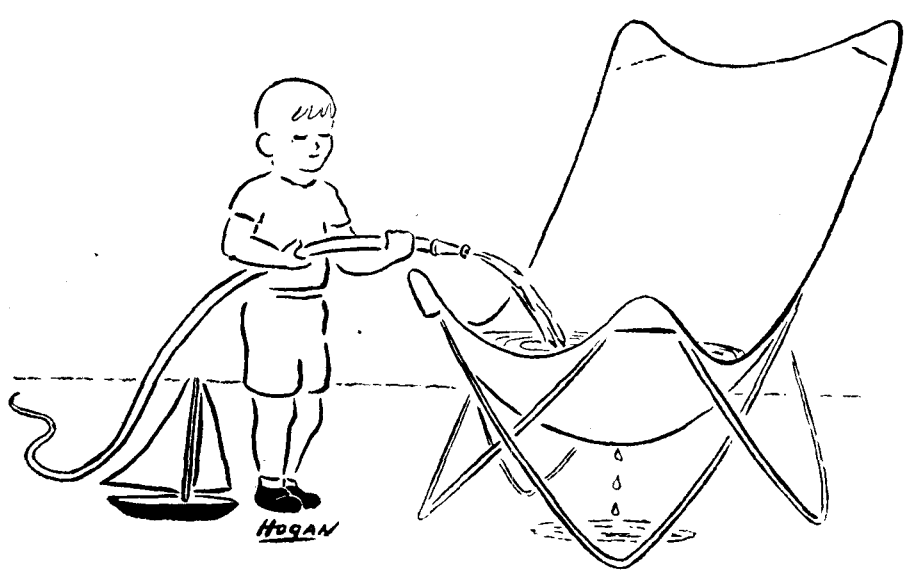
And so, oddly enough, "Giant" is off to a much bigger start in the East and in California than in Texas itself. A contributing factor is the formidable competition presented by J. Frank Dobie's "The Mustangs" and Jim Clark's and Mike Halbouty's "Spindletop," two volumes of authentic Texan lore that are going like wildfire in their home territory. In Beaumont, where the Spindletop gusher came in on January 10, 1901—the oil discovery that changed the world—2,500 copies of the Clark-Halbouty book were sold in ten days.

WHEN THE SPINDLETOP well came in "with a roar like a shot from a heavy cannon that spouted oil a hundred feet over the top of the derrick" a boom began in Texas real estate that is still going strong (and where would Neiman-Marcus or Liz Anne McMurray have been today without it?). A Negro farmer who had been trying to sell his tract in vain for $150 for three years disposed of his property for $20,000 cash before he had heard of Spindletop, then had to stand by while the purchaser got $50,000 for the same land fifteen minutes later. A Mrs. Sullivan, who collected the garbage, sold a lease on her place for $35,000 and was back rounding up the garbage as soon as the money was deposited. Soon silver dollars were stacked like cordwood in the banks and railroad stations. Frenzied operators would dash in and scoop it up in shovels and count it later. For the next few years half the whiskey sold in Texas was consumed in Beaumont.

Beaumont newspapers came an unexpected cropper once as a direct result of the Spindletop boom. A local printer, by virtue of a series of trades in a saloon, pyramided his weekly pay check in a single evening into something like $30,000 and promptly invited every other printer in town to

help him celebrate. Columnists, of course, came without being invited. The party lasted two weeks, when the $30,000 gave out, and, say Clark and Halbouty, "the newspaper situation revived faster than the printers did from their Gargantuan hangovers—or the reprisals of their outraged womenfolk."

ALTHOUGH HE WILL RETAIN a position on the board of directors, Bob De Graff has retired from active participation in the business he founded, Pocket Books, to enjoy his millions in the comparative peace and quiet of the Long Island countryside. It seems like yesterday that Bob was carrying the dummy of a paper-backed edition of Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth" from publisher to publisher, in quest of financial backing. "Penguin Books have scored a solid hit in Britain," he reasoned. "Why won't the same idea succeed here?" Simon & Schuster finally heeded his siren song—a decision, to put it mildly, they never had occasion to regret. . . . A selection of the publications of George Macy's Limited Editions and Heritage Clubs is currently on exhibition in the King's Library of the British Museum in London, thereby establishing a whole series of historic precedents. Not only is this the first time the work of any American has been placed on exhibition in the revered British Museum; it is the first time the work of *any* living publisher has been thus honored, and also the first time the showcases of the King's Library have been used to display books printed in the present century. Indubitably, George is the most famous Macy since R. H. . . .



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN'S FALL list includes Hubbard Cobb's "Make Your House a Home." Rinehart, on the other hand, is featuring Polly Adler's "A House Is *Not* a Home." Bill Buckley, of Holt, professes to be hopelessly confused by all this, evidently overlooking the fact that Polly's was a house of a different color. . . . The new Cinerama, which

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is turning people away these days at the Broadway Theatre in New York, is the most exciting novelty of the year, with potentialities that may revolutionize the film industry. Don't miss it! The young fellow sitting next to me was so undone by it—particularly the breathtaking flight over Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and Zion National Park—that he murmured fervently, "If I'd only been in this condition when I took my Army physical!"

ROBERT MANSON MYERS'S tongue-in-cheek history of English literature, "From Beowulf to Virginia Woolf," is more loaded with hot, cross puns than a bakery during Lent. . . . Balm for wounds inflicted on supersensitive Chicagoans by the unfeeling A. J. Liebling has arrived in the form of Bob Casey's "Chicago Medium Rare," an indulgent, nostalgic, and wry memoir of the Windy City at the turn of the century. Both the Myers and the Casey books are published by Bobbs-Merrill. . . . Despite malicious rumors to the contrary, Farrar, Straus & Young have realized a substantial dividend from the publication of "Mr. President." According to Roger Straus, 112,000 copies were printed and rushed to booksellers, who disposed of over 60,000 within two weeks of publication. Mr. Truman's decision not to run again naturally put a crimp in the demand. To date 20,000 copies of the 112,000 have been returned, with possibly another 2,000 still to come. The subsidiary rights alone, declares Roger, assured a handsome profit on the venture.

The same firm's Stevenson biography, incidentally, is now over the 20,000 mark, and all other Eisenhower and Stevenson items have sold briskly in the bookstores. By the time many of you read this column, of course, at least some of those books will be useful only as doorstops—or something to put under milk bottles. If you search hard enough you still can find a couple of thousand copies, I daresay, of the "Official Campaign biographies" of Alf Landon and Tom Dewey. (Remember the report of the correspondent who was aboard the Landon whistle-stop special in the 1936 campaign? "One more speech by Landon," he asserted, "and FDR would have carried Canada!")

ONE CATEGORY OF BOOKS that no election, or anything else, is going to stop is stories about horses. A researcher

who has combed all the fall adult and juvenile lists assures me there are eighteen new titles this fall alone that deal with the lives, real or imaginary, of stallions, mares, colts, fillies, geldings, champions, trotters, pacers, and just tired old candidates for a glue factory. I know from my own publishing experience that Walter Farley's "Black Stallion" series grows more popular every season. The advance sale on his latest alone (and eighth in the line), "The Black Stallion's Filly," is over 50,000 copies. Looks like the fellow who dreamed up the infallible selling title "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog" will have to consider an amendment!

THEY SAY A COWBOY once rode into town on his favorite pinto mare and reined up to watch a poker game in progress on the porch of Ray "Two Gun" Washburne's book, liquor, and grocery emporium. One of the players looked up and asked, "Like a little stud?" The mare answered, "Sure! Where is he?"

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 970)

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The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 1, 1952

The Cult of Unintelligibility

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Ben L. Burman

IN politics most Americans are brave as lions; in literary opinions we are timid as mice.

I am acquainted with an author whose first novel, when published some years ago, for three or four months was an inglorious failure. Among the few reviewers who noticed the book was one who remarked that the volume was not worth the paper on which it was printed. Some time later a number of important literary figures discovered the book and wrote their comments. The novel was republished with their opinions on the jacket; soon it became as much of a success as it had previously been a failure. The critic who had denounced the book wrote a new review in the same paper. Now the novel was magnificent.

One of the tragedies in the artistic development of America today is that so many individuals do not say what they think but what they think they should think. By contrast, in our politics we say exactly what we mean and take our opinions from no man. With the exception of the volatile Frenchman, the American is perhaps the most vocal of any citizen in expressing his political beliefs. This contradiction between our approach to literature and politics arises from the fact that culturally we are still very young; because we are so young we are insecure.

It is this basic insecurity which has given rise to the cult of the obscure and the unintelligible, which like some mysterious and malignant disease has infected so much of our literature. Most men and women recognized that the meaningless phrases spread on the printed page were counterfeit—pretentious sound and fury. But the fashion of the moment was to pronounce these absurdities works of genius. So they kept silent.

New methods, new forms must be the province of every writer worthy the name. Language lives and grows with each new experience of those who speak and write its phrases. It is a treasury whose funds are constantly accumulating. Only the dullest reactionary can fail to recognize that we live in a changing world, and that we and our methods of expression change with our new conditions. But it is one thing to welcome change and growth and quite another to enthrone incomprehensibility and make it the cult of greatness. Because we cannot understand the poor creatures in a madhouse is no sign that they speak with the wisdom of Solomon. Words must communicate or they are worthless. We can listen for a little while to the pure music of language, flowing like water over a falls; but soon we must have something other than mere murmur and rhythm. A telegraphic ticker sends out a varying pattern of sounds, but it is the message they form that is important.

Sound by itself may create a totally false impression. In the African jungles I often heard the telegraphic drums rolling in irregular thunder, their tones so sinister it seemed the natives were surely preparing our massacre. Actually, it was only the drummer informing the village ahead that we were coming, and asking the chief to try to find clean towels for my wife. In the jungle the first thing the traveler intending to remain acquires after his mosquito net is a knowledge of Bengala, a master language which enables him to speak to the natives in a region where the language changes with every new village. It is the ability to express his ideas which distinguishes man from the beasts beyond his campfire. Why be troubled with words if they do not communicate? If mere sense impression in writing is intended, the result would probably be quicker accomplished if

Ben Lucien Burman's most recent book is "High Water at Catfish Bend," a story of the Mississippi like his prize-winning "Blow for a Landing."

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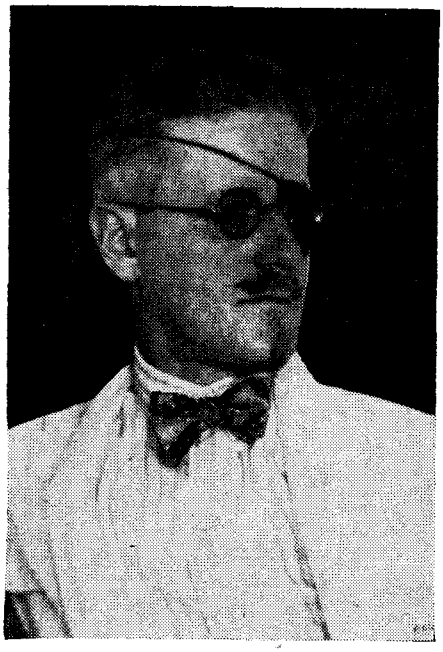


Joyce—"the wake of nonsense."

all language in a book were abolished; instead, on turning each new page the nose would be struck by a different smell or the eye would be dazzled by a different colored light.

LITERATURE is life in all its variety, its beauty, its ugliness, its sorrow, its laughter. The disciples of the obscure accept no such definition. They permit no grace, no rich humanity; they allow only the shallowness and artificiality of Gertrude Stein and the later James Joyce,* at once the revealers of their faith and the gods they worship. They abhor what is known as "regionalism"—though a more misleading term was never invented—and thus bar most of the great books of the world. There is no true regionalism; there is only good and bad writing with a particular locale. Thomas Hardy was regional, so were De Maupassant and Victor Hugo, so was Cervantes. The Bible in a literary sense is a great regional story, the tale of a wandering desert people who found a land of milk and honey. The disciples of the unintelligible are the enemies of such writing because it is rooted deep in human experience. Their own compositions are the product of a profound conceit, possessing no meaning except for their own little minds; they forget that the ultimate test of writing is universality. I can imagine the King James version of the Bible being published today as the latest best seller, and being reviewed according to the new yardsticks. The setting would probably be defined as monotonously regional, the story melodramatic, the language feeble, the philosophy bromidic.

The disciples of unintelligibility plead they cannot be clear because their work is symbolic. Literature is crowded with great books full of symbolism. An accomplished author can write a beautiful symbolic novel of the stars or a superb symbolic novel spun from his dreams. The difference is that he will always keep his dreams and symbols recognizable. An aviator suddenly shot into distant space with his airplane must first find out whether he is flying upside down or he may land on the sun instead of the moon which he intended. Even the wildest fantasy must have a foundation of comprehensibility, else it will pass unseen and unknown, like some high-pitched tone beyond our hearing. There is no merit in a symphony written for one of those supersonic dog whistles to which no human ear can ever listen.

The fault lies not in the method. It lies in the lack of talent among the practitioners. When weaklings follow in the wake of nonsense folly must be multiplied many fold. Even in these days of mechanical miracles we cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear. There are no atomic processes that can give dullards a sense of beauty. It is these imitative devotees, writing like men with broken minds, who in considerable part are responsible for the shoddy books of today, when young writers boast that they can complete a novel in six weeks and any man owning a pencil and a ten-cent tablet feels fully equipped to become an author. For if a crazy man can produce literature, then a man partially witted must create masterpieces. To be a doctor or a lawyer or even a mortician requires some training. But like the old diploma mills where degrees were granted by return mail, graduation from the Joyce-Stein school occurs on the same day the student is entered. They are confirmed as literary chiropractors, with a full Master of Arts degree for breaking the back of the language.

Many years ago I remember that in the home of even the poorest workman there was always a bookcase with perhaps a hundred volumes. True, many of the books were trash. But there were many worthy ones as well. Today in such a dwelling there is rarely even a bookshelf. And let it not be said that this is the fault of television and similar time-hungry wonders. It occurred a long time before. As a matter of fact only the blind could have failed to see it happening. The worthless books published were the direct cause. The habit of books, unfortunately, is not fixed like the habit of drinking. It needs no Alcoholics Anonymous to stop reading.

Novels that can be distinguished only with difficulty from the scribblings of unfortunates in mental institutions are not calculated to send readers racing from their television sets to a bookstore. I have put down here some writings of individuals affected by a brain injury or mental disease together with sentences from the works of Gertrude Stein and the later James Joyce. It may be interesting for the reader to try to decide which is which. The answers, crossword puzzle fashion, are to be found on page 38.

1. "Have just been to supper. Did not knowing what the woodchuck sent me here. How when the blue blue blue on the said anyone can do it that tires. Such is the presidential candidate."

2. "My dear dear dear dear dear dear my dear my dear dear."

3. "Five and five over five. Five fifty five. Fifty five and fifty over forty-five. It is very usual to think of a name. Follow me after follow me after follow me."

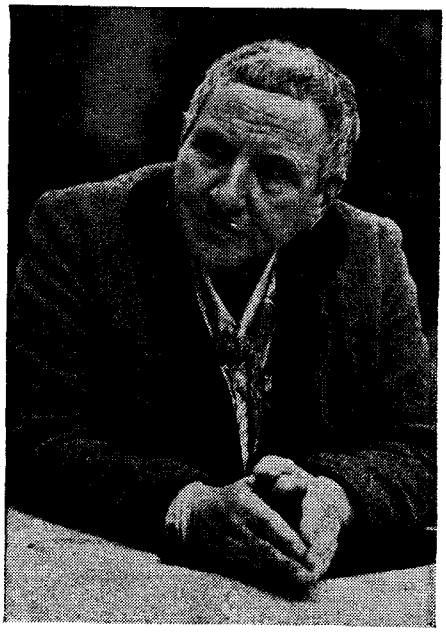
4. "Then as she is on her behaviourite of quainance bandy, fruting for firstlings and taking her tithe, we may take our review of the two mounds to see nothing of the himples here as at elsewhere, by sixes and sevens."

5. "As we there are where are we there from tomtitbot to teetootom totalitarian. Tear tea too coo. Whom will comes over. Who to caps ever."

6. "The Lord is my hospital. I shall not want. He marries me green pastors parters. He leadeth me leadeth me leadeth."

7. "Ack, ack, ack. With which clap

(*Continued on page* 38)



—*Wide World.*

Gertrude Stein—"literary chiropractor."

* The references in this article are specifically to the "Finnegans Wake" period of his career, when unintelligibility became the master of his writing. But though much of the earlier work does not fall into this category, these tendencies were too often evident, with trickery taking the place of art and beauty.

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Americana. A review of significant events and strong personalities on the contemporary American scene occupies the attention of various authors. Continuing his lucidly written interpretations of the economic forces that have molded our way of living, Frederick Lewis Allen deserves the ear of the general reader with his study "The Big Change" (below). Mr. Allen holds the general reader in high regard, feeling that it is an author's responsibility to communicate intelligibly with his audience no matter how complex the subject. Certainly, one of the changes in American journalism is the exposure, for better or worse, of the newspaper reading public to sensational journalism. An important pioneer in this development was William Randolph Hearst, whose life and writings receive a friendly editing at the hands of a former associate, Edmond D. Coblentz, and a more thorough going-over in John Tebbel's "The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst" (page 13). Paging back several decades, John K. Hutchens assesses literature of that period in "The American Twenties" (page 13).

Power, Temptations & Tempests

THE BIG CHANGE. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. 308 pp. $3.50.

By JOHN D. HICKS

TEACHERS of recent American history always rejoice to see a new book by Frederick Lewis Allen. They know that they can put it on their reading lists with full confidence that their students will read it. They know, too, that in spite of Allen's indifference to most of the stuff that history textbooks are made of, he will have much to say that will help vitalize those more complete, but much more prosaic accounts. College students will read "The Great Change" as they read "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday." They will not only read it; they will read it all the way through, and will recommend it to their parents, maybe even give it to them for Christmas.

Part of the book's appeal to the undergraduates will lie in the fact that it is written in the only language they really know, the American language. And here, incidentally, is one of the changes since 1900 that Allen doesn't bear down on very hard. As of the earlier period, serious and responsible authors, least of all the editors of highbrow magazines, rarely wrote of pamphlets being distributed "for free," or literary lights "having a high old time," or the next generation being "bound for hell in a handcar." But Allen has the courage to write the way people talk. He even deplores the notion that "only difficult writing is good writing," and suggests that if writers would pay a little more attention to the art of communication they might discover "numerous readers who may not be such oafs as they suppose." Allen also seeks and finds an acceptable thread on which to string his many and diverse pearls of wisdom. As the professional historians would put it, frighteningly, this is a first-rate synthesis.

The theme that Allen chooses to emphasize in his book is the great change that has come over American business and economic life in the period under review. This, he maintains, is central and fundamental; to it may be related nearly every other change that has taken place, political, social, intellectual, artistic. At the turn of the century the business tycoon ruled in America. He was apt to be in full command of a strictly one-man show. He had risen to its headship by boldness, vision, and luck, like the hero in a Horatio Alger book. He was rich beyond the dreams of Croesus, and in many instances took pains to advertise the fact in ostentatious living. Labor and the public alike were at his mercy; the greater his success, the less it was limited by competition. Opportunity for the multitudes, particularly the recently arrived immigrants, was closely circumscribed by the low wages he chose to pay; there was always a comfortable backlog of unemployed walking the city streets, and American slums were

John D. Hicks, professor of history at the University of California, is the author of many books on American history, including "The Federal Union," "The Populist Revolt," "A Short History of American Democracy."

THE AUTHOR: Frederick Lewis Allen has a reputation for being the last man out of a decade. No sooner had we emerged from the Twenties, the Thirties, or even the first half of the century than Allen jumped right back into them, to stroll among the beauty and the ruins in search of their meaning. That he did so was a feat that Allen, who took only one history course while at Harvard (class of '12), hadn't counted on at all. When, in 1930, he had an idea for a retrospective history of the gin-and-panic decade just past, his instinct as a *Harper's* editor was to assign it to someone else. The man he had in mind was Charles Merz, currently the editor of *The New York Times* but then an editor on the old *New York World* and a contributor to *Harper's*. "But," Allen recalls, "Merz told me, 'It's right up *your* street.' That was the first time I allowed the idea to occur to me. At the time I was writing humorous skits, and I'd just started hitting *The New Yorker*. I felt it was a long gamble, taking a year out." He gambled. The pay-off was "Only Yesterday," which has sold more than 500,000 copies, the Bantam edition included, since its appearance in 1931. "It also turned me into a serious character," Allen adds. Allen hit it off beautifully with the past. His approach—a "running essay" form—illuminated patches of time which, without Allen, had appeared as only so much disjointed Americana. When the curtain went down on the Thirties, Allen again stayed behind. Before 1940 was forty days old "Since Yesterday" appeared—a chronicle of those Shirley Temple-Adolf Hitler days between the crash and the war. The two "Yesterday" books, "The Big Change," and two others, plus three picture-and-text books in collaboration with his wife, Agnes Rogers, were written while Allen was at *Harper's*. He joined the magazine in 1923, and in 1941 he became its editor-in-chief, his present job. As for the Fifties, it's another story; that is one decade he'll leave along with the the rest of us. "Some years ago I made up my mind to stop doing decades," he noted the other day. "Being a ten-year locust is a thing you can do for a while but you've got to change your tune."

—BERNARD KALB.

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among the very worst in the world.

But by mid-century there had been a simply fantastic change. Instead of the tycoon who owned his business, or at least a controlling interest in it, now a team of managers, each more or less a specialist in his field, has taken over. Most of them are not related by blood or marriage to the man who originated the business; some rose from its ranks through sheer ability; some got their start in schools of business administration, lately provided by nearly every university "for the youngest of the professions" (to the neglect of the oldest). Corporation stock is so widely held that ownership has become far less significant than management. Labor, strongly organized and guaranteed the right to strike, must be conciliated at every turn, while the public is represented by a complex of governmental regulations that sets rigorous limits to "free enterprise." There is little ostentatious living on the part of executives (except occasionally on convention expense accounts); the graduated income tax has taken care of that. The great houses once flaunted by tycoons are untenanted or gone; the way of life of the manager and the managed show far more similarities than differences. The ordinary worker enjoys greater opportunity, a higher degree of security, more creature comforts, more luxuries than ever before in history. No one gets really rich any more, unless he beats the income tax; but most people have a fair living, and the number of those who are desperately poor is declining steadily.

This is the principal argument of the book, although naturally there are a good many variants on the central theme. The author, in every direction he turns, sees increasing opportunity in America; if business can't provide what it takes, then the Government, as in the case of agriculture, takes a hand. Mass production has been refined and purified. Technological improvements now make possible the manufacture of an infinitely greater amount of goods than under earlier conditions in a fraction of the time that it used to take to produce them. The deadly monotonous and hopelessly backbreaking jobs of the old assembly lines have been taken over by machines, machines which somehow, miraculously, make more new jobs than they destroy. Even the Negro, occupying as he does the lowest rung of the social and economic ladder, finds his rung raised several notches. The enactment of fair employment laws, the ending of segregation in the armed forces, the acceptance of Negroes as students in many Southern universities, the annulment of restrictive real-estate covenants, and the virtual disappearance of lynchings, these are not changes to be discounted as inconsequential. Negro incomes are up, maybe not to the full extent that white incomes have risen; but, in comparison with what Negro incomes once were, the difference is spectacular.

People in general, black and white, work fewer hours and get more done. They have time to play; the street-worker practises up on his golf-stroke with the iron rod he is about to use in opening a man-hole. They are healthier; indeed, what with the sulfa drugs, penicillin, and the various antibiotics, they are almost indestructible. Rich and poor alike have automobiles, snappy clothes, electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, automatic dishwashers, permanent waves, radio and television sets. They like music, buy incredible numbers of records, engage in amateur theatricals, and 300,000 of them are learning to paint. All this has been accomplished by haphazard evolution rather than by revolution, and without benefit of any preconceived pattern. In wicked, capitalistic America a classless society is arising that must be the envy and despair of the Old World's heavy-handed proponents of proletarian revolt.

That this bright silver lining is not without its dark cloud, Allen could hardly fail to recognize. Conceived during the decade of the Thirties, "it was not until the shadows of war began to deepen, and the United States began to arm feverishly for defense, that this new hybrid American system began really to work." And after the Second World War came aid to Europe, Atlantic defense, and the Korean War. Now, with the national debt hovering around 260 billions, one wonders how long the colossal expenditures that have helped to buy this prosperity can continue. If and when Government spending and lending and giving begin to slacken, will there be another depression? Allen doesn't say so, but the very business managers who have done so much to remake the American scene are among the most apprehensive. They don't like what has happened, however much it may have redounded to the general good, and they don't trust its permanence. Eventually, they think, the whole system will blow up, and out of the collapse they hope at least to get rid of the heavy taxes they have to pay and to restore the inequalities of income they once enjoyed. And, even more ominous, suppose the Soviets make good on their continued threats of a third world war, what then? With all-out atomic warfare there would certainly be another "big change," but could it possibly be for the better?

Despite these grim forebodings, Allen finds in the current American scene grounds for faith and hope, not despair. The postwar depression, long predicted, has failed to materialize; Russia, somehow, has been held. The people of the United States have come a long way since 1900, and they will not turn back. They have found by trial and error a way of their own, quite unknown to the doctrinaires. They have devised an economy that is "not evolving *toward* Socialism," Allen maintains, "but *past* Socialism."

"Your fifty cents just tells you who'll be President—naming his cabinet will cost extra."

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Yesterday's Jimjams

THE AMERICAN TWENTIES: A Literary Panorama. Edited by John K. Hutchens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 480 pp. $5.

By Milton Crane

"THAT mordant, light-hearted, serious-minded, complex, and seminal time," John K. Hutchens calls the Twenties, the subject of his excellent new anthology. As one who, during that time, was chiefly occupied with grammar school, I have been mildly amazed in recent years to observe the curious succession of epithets used to characterize this period. Time was when the Twenties were "the jazz age," "the era of wonderful nonsense," worthy equally of contempt and amusement; later one began to hear of "the roaring Twenties," a lusty but admirable age; now they seem to have settled down as "the golden Twenties," needing only the horse-car and the gas-lamp to become indistinguishable from the great days of Clarence Day, Sr. It took the Second World War to make us nostalgic for the years of Al Capone and the Scopes trial. No doubt the first words ever spoken or written were a lament for the Good Old Days.

Whatever the social historian may say of the Twenties, the literary historian must agree with Mr. Hutchens that the fame of this era is secure. Many of the writers turned away from the political and economic problems of their America to address themselves before all to achieving the mastery of their art, sometimes with conspicuous haughtiness and disdain, as in George Jean Nathan's "Code of a Critic," sometimes with the unobtrusive brilliance of an Ellen Glasgow. They plunged with enthusiasm into the bracing water they called disillusion; and their sense of the futility of life did not keep them from enjoying it to the full. Their artistic seriousness has left us, *inter alia*, "The Great Gatsby," "The Sun Also Rises," most of Ring Lardner's short stories, and much of the poetry of Wallace Stevens and Marianne Moore. By comparison the Thirties are meager and the Forties unformed.

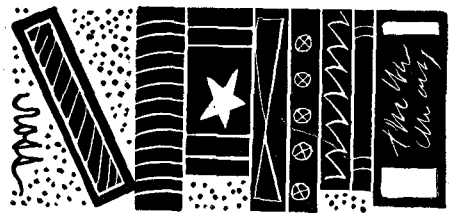
Mr. Hutchens, quite rightly despairing of capturing the essence of so complex and many-sided an age, has assembled a collection of the best and most representative writings of the Twenties. His categories are entitled "Short Stories," "Poetry," "Excerpts from Novels," "A Play" ("The Emperor Jones"), "More or Less Literary," "Light Verse," and "Lives and Times." Novels are notoriously difficult to excerpt, but at least one of Mr. Hutchens's selections is a fine stroke: the collected chapter-headings of John Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer." The short stories include excellent samples of Lardner, Anderson, Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and others, and an evocative early story by James Thurber that has until now remained buried in *The New Yorker*'s files.

In the "More or Less Literary" division, Mr. Hutchens appears as the informal literary chronicler, a role familiar to readers of his Sunday page in the *New York Herald Tribune*. Here is Frances Newman's scathing review of "This Side of Paradise," with Fitzgerald's angry reply, and comments on both by Miss Newman and James Branch Cabell. Ernest Boyd's delightful "Aesthete: Model 1924," from the first issue of *The American Mercury*, is followed by Burton Rascoe's eminently sensible remarks on it. The whole uproar, as Mr. Hutchens says, is less interesting in itself than as an indication of how widespread was the popular concern with literature. Two drama reviews by Alexander Woollcott, both written in his sharpest and cleanest prose, remind us of how good a critic was lost when he turned Town Crier.

If there is one section that Mr. Hutchens might with profit have expanded, it is the catchall "Lives and Times." What he has reprinted is first rate, but the age was particularly rich in this kind of superior journalism: FPA's "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," Mencken on a backwoods religious revival and his tremendous blast against the farmer, the New York reporters belaboring each other on the right way to interview Joseph Conrad, Dreiser's loving memoir of his brother, Broun on Sacco and Vanzetti, and others. These pieces bring back the Twenties with a vengeance, not perhaps as a time in which some admirable writers were doing their best work, but as a time in which people lived (and, incidentally, wrote), a time which, as Frederick Lewis Allen said in his foreword to the reprint edition of "Only Yesterday," was not really madder than most.

For, after the tumult and the shouting and the inevitable references to Coué, the Twenties were, in Mr. Hutchens's words, "both a more hospitable and a more tolerant literary time than the present."

Milton Crane, editor of "The Roosevelt Era," is on leave of absence from the University of Chicago's English department.



Treacherous Titan

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST: A Portrait in His Own Words. Edited by Edmond D. Coblentz. New York: Simon & Schuster. 309 pp. $3.50.

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By John Tebbel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 386 pp. $4.

By Frank Luther Mott

THESE are interesting books, if you are at all curious about William Randolph Hearst and what made him TICK.

You ought to be curious about William Randolph Hearst, because he was a powerful newspaper publisher.

The first of these two books is composed of Hearst's own writings.

Most of these writings are in what Hearst called "paragraphic"—that is, single-sentence paragraphs.

And short sentences, at that.

Like this.

Enough of "paragraphic," which is apt to be tiresome. Incidentally, it seems to suit humorous narrative better than any other type of writing, and Hearst used it very well in the anecdotes and stories he liked to tell in his newspaper column.

Edmond Coblentz was closely associated with Hearst for half a century, having been for some years a kind of general supervising editor of all the Hearst papers. It occurred to him that he could put together some of the letters he had received from the man he delighted to call "the Chief," certain pieces Hearst had written about his boyhood and youth in his column "In the News," and excerpts from other letters and papers, in such a manner as to produce an informal autobiography and character profile of one of the outstanding journalistic figures of our generation. This he has done with restraint and good judgment.

Mr. Coblentz refrains, for the most part, from evaluation and appraisal; yet this is, of course, a friendly por-

Frank Luther Mott, dean emeritus of the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri, is the author of a forthcoming book, "The News in America."

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trait. Marion Davies is not mentioned, nor are the personal extravagances of the publisher, nor the assorted sins and failings which furnish out so many of the pages in the biographies written by Lundberg and by Carlson and Bates. But though sketchy and incomplete, this portrait is illuminating. The keynote of it, in more than one respect, is the quotation from Hearst which is placed at the head of the foreword: "Perhaps the public prefers to consider me as an 'austere' person—which God forbid that I should be—instead of the 'human' person I earnestly strive to be." Thus the emphasis in this book is on the personal qualities of Hearst, though there are several chapters on his political and economic opinions, chiefly devoted to his relations to men like Hoover, Roosevelt, Landon, Willkie, and so on.

In the column which Hearst wrote for some years after the death of Brisbane had deprived the papers of the feature "Today," in which the commonplace had long masqueraded as the profound, the Chief displayed the wit and sentiment which seemed to characterize the human being that he earnestly strove to be. He broke into verse about pets that had perished, or he told tales about "Little Willie"—nostalgic sketches of his own childhood and youth.

"Little Willie" was visiting, with his parents, at a fine home on Nob Hill, and had "a lovely, sumptuously furnished corner room all to himself"; so, on April 1, he got a lot of fireworks together and set them off in his room, yelled "Fire!" and locked the door, and then watched with glee as the firemen came to rescue him and the house. On another occasion "Little Willie" threw a cobblestone through the window of a dancing school which he had attended unwillingly. But the finest time "Little Willie" had was in Paris, when he and a companion perpetrated a number of jokes which demoralized a pension and (when they were put out of there) a hotel in which they took refuge. This demoralization was accomplished chiefly by use of toy cannon, gunpowder, inflammable alcohol, and fireworks. The story is almost as incredible as a picture series of the devilments of the Katzenjammer Kids. Which reminds us that it was Hearst who suggested the Katzenjammer Kids as the subject of the first regular comic strip published in any newspaper. We are also reminded that it was ill-judged fireworks that got young Hearst into his first difficulties at Harvard, and that ill-managed fireworks in Madison Square during one of his campaigns for election to Congress resulted in seventeen casualties. Is there not a connection between Katzenjammer tricks, pyromania, and yellow journalism?

An excellent chapter in this book is one entitled "Newspaper Publishing." In it is quoted a marvelous letter to Mr. Coblentz giving a lot of good journalistic doctrine, but emphasizing the Hearst theory of the necessity for *exciting* news:

"We seem to have about everything, but we are, I think, too unconcerned about it.

"We seem to say to the reader, 'Well, there's all the news, but it does not interest us much. We don't think

WRH—"a kind of minor deity."

a lot of it. Perhaps you will be interested. That's your affair.'

"I think WE ought to be more interested in the news—more excited about it.

"In ancient times McEwen once said of the *American* that when you picked it up and looked at the first page, you said, 'Gee whiz!'

"And when you looked at the second page, you said, 'Holy Moses!'

"And at the third page, 'God Almighty!'

"He meant that there was surprise and excitement on each page.

"I think we need a little of those attractions now."

This is perhaps the best expression (it also appears in Mrs. Older's "authorized" biography of Hearst) of the basic doctrine of sensational journalism ever written—a doctrine which emphasizes not significance in the news, but excitement in it.

In the same chapter are several statements about pictures in the news which are admirable. Modern picture journalism owes much to Hearst, who had what seem to the present reviewer very sound ideas on the subject. Chief of these was the conviction that pictures must be treated with "judgment and discrimination as to their NEWS value."

But it is as a human document that this volume is chiefly valuable. Hearst's experiences as boy and man, how he took over the *San Francisco Examiner* and later the *New York Journal*, his personal adventures in covering the war in Cuba, his talks with Hitler, his expulsion from France, his "philosophy of life," his feeling for animals, his religion—the treatment of these things in Hearst "quotes" gives Mr. Coblentz's book its distinction in the rapidly accumulating Hearstiana.

Mr. Tebbel's book is of different

—*Photos from Acme.*

Marion Davies and W. R. Hearst—"an interesting cuss, with a talent for legerdemain."

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character and different scope. It is a full-rounded biography. It has not been whipped up in the fifteen months since Hearst's death, for the author had been working on it for several years before his subject laid himself down to die in Marion Davies's Beverley Hills mansion.

The Tebbel book must be recognized at once as the best of the several biographies of Hearst. It is extremely readable, it is comprehensive, and it presents the assets and liabilities in the balance-sheet of WRH, his life and character, with apparent candor. For example, the chapter on "The Women in His Life" is well done—perhaps not as "exciting" as the old master would have preferred it (if written about someone else), but honest and discerning.

The reader who likes to have things blocked out for him in bold blacks and whites may be disappointed in Mr. Tebbel's failure to give us a masterful summation, Ludwig-style, assigning Hearst to a place either with the angels or with the fiends. Tebbel has not used such a method in his earlier biographies, and he does not try it here; he is too much the reporter to fancy himself as a judge. Indeed, he often seems too complaisant an observer, too indulgent a biographer.

There is no indignation against Hearst's monstrous extravagance (he was simply "accustomed to money and power") and not much protest against his reliance on sensationalism (the formula had been "extant in American journalism for nearly a hundred years"). And the book ends, not with a grand summing-up from the judgment-seat, but on a note of anti-climax, with a quotation which describes Hearst as "an interesting cuss, with a talent for legerdemain." Of course, Mr. Tebbel does not represent this sarcastic summing-up as final or adequate.

Again and again in reading both these books we revert to the thought of Hearst's striving, or thinking he was striving, to be regarded as a human being and not as a kind of minor deity. Some observers who have tried to understand him have ended by regarding him as not only human like the rest of us, but as a human being on a rather low intellectual and emotional level. But trained as he was from boyhood, endowed as he was with tremendous wealth, enterprising as he was to seize everything that gratified him, it is not strange that the Chief found it hard to place himself on something like common ground with humanity in general. There is pathos as well as absurdity in his talk about "the human person I earnestly strive to be."

To Stand Before Their Peers

Richard B. Morris—"gay style."

FAIR TRIAL: Fourteen Who Stood Accused from Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss. By Richard B. Morris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 494 pp. $5.

By Morris L. Ernst

WITH high scholarship imbedded in a gay style, this entertaining book tells the stories of fourteen famous American trials, most of them of such interest that the editor of any tabloid newspaper would give them a vast amount of space if they were to occur today. All the cases are spectacular and dramatic, and most of them involve men or women high in the culture of their period, although the issues often were not basic to our way of life or to our legal processes.

The opening tale deals with the trial of Anne Hutchinson, a Jezebel tried for heterodox ideas which were deemed dangerous in 1637. She was convicted and later murdered at Pelham Bay in 1643. William Kidd, a gentleman, was double-crossed by his co-gamblers, one a governor, and tried for murder because piracy could not be proved. Before the days of our present concept of a free press, a great advocate, Andrew Hamilton (not to be confused with Alexander Hamilton) created an advance in the matrix of our way of life—a free press—by his defense of Zenger, who lay in jail a year before his case came to trial. For aficionados of sex murder cases there is the Spooner trial, correctly called the most extraordinary crime ever perpetrated in New England. On Mr. Spooner's tombstone the inscription reads: He was "MURDERED BY THREE SOLDIERS—AT THE INSTIGATION OF HIS WIFE, BATHSHEBA." Mr. Morris calls his chapter on Aaron Burr "Monomania or Treason," and titles the oft-told story of Professor Webster of Harvard, convicted without the corpus delicti, the trial of the "Grand Guignol at Harvard Medical School." A trick trial is brought into the volume because it involved a stunt carried out by Abe Lincoln, barrister. The Dan Sickles case dramatized what we now call the "unwritten law," this trial also giving great impetus to what might be termed the "law of the heart." The Chicago anarchist case, a famous morphine trial, the Triangle fire trial with Max Steuer's defense of locked doors which resulted in 146 deaths, and the Halls-Mills case lead us to the final chapter—the Alger Hiss trials.

This book will be good fun for non-lawyers and will no doubt irritate the bar. It is an amusing fact that books about law written by lawyers seldom meet with much public favor even though law has imbedded in it the great dramas of life. But the bar is fortunate in having Richard B. Morris, a true scholar of the law (as he previously demonstrated in his volume, "Studies in the History of American Law"), tell about law in action as well as theory.

In the treatment of each story the author, at times most subtly, points out the moves which resulted in less than a fair trial. Thus his book implicitly demonstrates the profound corruption of American criminal jurisprudence. In England and Canada, for example, in theory and practice the Crown cannot win and the Crown cannot lose. The Crown only seeks justice. In those lands it is the duty of the prosecutor to reach for justice. If any British prosecutor failed to turn over evidence of innocence to the defendant he would no doubt be promptly thrown out of office. If a British prosecutor ever announced his annual percentage of convictions or indictments he would be deemed an applicant for disbarment. The breakdown of American criminal jurisprudence stems from this distinction, an odd distinction if one looks at the reasons back of the departure of our legal folkway from our Anglo-Saxon heritage. Yet as a word of caution I must add that spectacular court trials are not always the best laboratory to

(*Continued on page 32*)

Morris L. Ernst, a member of the New York law firm of Greenbaum, Wolff, and Ernst, is the author of many books, including "The People Know Best" and the forthcoming "Report on American Communists."

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Fiction. While last week's interest was focused on fiction products from abroad, there is enough material in this week's fiction crop to keep readers and critics buzzing. Just as the furor about Texas gives signs of dying down after Edna Ferber's uncomplimentary views of the Lone Star State in her novel "Giant" [*SR* Sept. 27], controversy is about to flare up again with two first-efforts by native sons. Texans' emphasis on size is again demonstrated by the two-volume claimant to the title "America's longest novel." Whether the novel "Sironia, Texas," by Madison Cooper (page 17), has merits beyond that is doubted by our reviewer, but it contains all the tried elements requisite to becoming a lending library's delight. Another literary event from Texas is John H. Griffin's "The Devil Rides Outside" (below), a story of a tormented modern-day St. Anthony, which sends its publishers, newly established Smiths, Inc. (Texans of course), off to a flying start. Other writers making their literary debut show themselves to advantage in Whit and Hallie Burnett's latest anthology, "Story" (page 18).

The Two Faces of God

THE DEVIL RIDES OUTSIDE. By John H. Griffin. Fort Worth: Smiths, Inc. 596 *pp.* $4.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is Mr. Griffin's first novel, and the first book to be issued by a newly established Texas publishing house. Like its native state, it is both large and unusual; it is charged with talent and energy, it knows no shame, and it wallows in emotional and verbal excesses. But its setting is not Texas, and the story it tells comes surprisingly from a Texan. At least it will surprise those who think that the Lone Star State can express itself only through such things as oil wells, the Shamrock Hotel, block-long Cadillacs, and the King Ranch.

The nameless narrator of "The Devil Rides Outside"—a better translation of the proverb from which the title is taken would have been "The Devil Prowls Without"—is, like Mr. Griffin himself, a musicologist whose specialty is Gregorian chant. Like Mr. Griffin, he is an American who has been educated in France; and when he decides to live as a guest in a French Benedictine monastery, for the purpose of studying ancient music manuscripts, he follows in his creator's own footsteps. It would be unimportant, even impertinent, to mention these identities, did they not serve to explain the knowledge with which Mr. Griffin writes of monastic life, did they not guarantee the ring of truth that sounds from almost every passage that describes existence under the rule of St. Benedict.

Into the monastery, along with his studious intentions, the young musicologist brings a lusty body with imperious desires, fond memories of much sexual pleasure, and hopes of similar pleasures to come. He finds himself among men who have vowed themselves to chastity, poverty, humility, and obedience; men who have mastered but not abolished temptation. He finds himself in a house that has shut its doors against all wordly values and all worldly thoughts; and in this house, among these men, he senses spiritual peace of a kind that he has never known, of which he has never dreamed.

His first reaction is rather like that of a small boy who is envious at sight of what seems to be a prized possession in the hands of another child. "The Devil Rides Without" tells how his desire for this peace matures and purifies itself, how his understanding of the nature of this peace grows and deepens. It records, too, with naked physiological detail, and in panting, sweating rhetoric, the ferocious, finally successful battle which he wages against "the devil who prowls outside monastery walls," the devil who with unerring accuracy exploits his greatest weakness—the concupiscent flesh.

Mr. Griffin spares his hero and his readers nothing. He stops at no frontier of good taste—and, indeed, some saints have not—in his fusion of the sacred and the profane. But it seems that he must deliberately intend to shock his readers when he describes a momentary, mystical union with the Virgin in exactly the words that he has used previously to describe the physical consummation of an afternoon's casual encounter between a man and a woman. And surely he errs when he has Father Clément violate the secrecy of the confessional in his talks with the narrator.

He errs in another way, and more importantly, when he asks us to believe in the absurd, unendurable, daily relationship of the hero and Madame Renée; and again when, for a time, he makes Madame Renée and her son the center of interest. But, despite its many faults of various kinds, this first novel has in it the power of life itself, for which faultlessness can never be a substitute in literature. Mr. Griffin's reach may have exceeded his grasp, but he has reached boldly and strongly, with conspicuously original talent.

—*Culver Service.*

"Study of Science in the Cloister."

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The Whopper

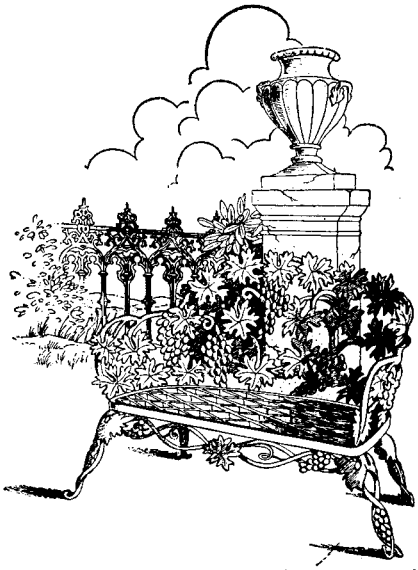
SIRONIA, TEXAS. By Madison Cooper. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols., 1731 pp. $10.

By Martin Rice

THE publishers of "Sironia, Texas" have for some time been letting the public know that they were planning to present what is "probably" the longest novel ever to be published in America. Let us without qualification agree that "Sironia, Texas" is big, as definitely outsize as the state which it celebrates. It contains over seventeen hundred pages, close to five million orthographic symbols, slightly less than a million words, hundreds of characters and scores of plots, neatly interwoven. It weighs three pounds six ounces.

This emphasis on size is perhaps a little vulgar and might distract attention from other qualities one usually looks for in a novel. But size is, I'm afraid, the most important quality of this latest contribution of Texas to our modern life. Without it Mr. Cooper's work might be seen in proper perspective as another reasonably competent, not too well written, "community" novel, heavily charged with melodramatic incident, overly spiced with sex. Actually much of the length is unnecessary. Mr. Cooper has supplied at least two of everything: two class-doomed loves, two village idiots, a dozen or more extra-marital liaisons, at least as many violent deaths, three "unsolved" murders, innumerable parties, social feuds, and community crises. There is also, to add to but not complete this inventory: a flood, a fire, a lynching, an attempted rape, and quite a deal of fornication. Since all these are not merely alluded to but described in considerable and dramatic detail, a lot of words are understandably required. In addition, the author has thoughtfully provided, for readers who may have lost their way in the welter of incident, a philosophical editor who every so often sums up in a letter, an editorial, or a report to his boss (a flagellant with a social heart of gold) everything that has gone before.

What Mr. Cooper has attempted is a history of a small town in Texas from the years 1900 to 1920, told in terms of its dominant families and the relations with them of some of the town's other families. During the course of his narrative Sironia grows from a town with a population of under 5,000 to one with a population of more than 40,000. But our attention is directed throughout to the fortunes of the aristocratic Thax-



—By William Barss for "Sironia, Texas."

tons, Storrows, and Haydns, and those of the commoner families, the Lipscombs, the Lanes, the Blys, and the Rogans. Interwoven with the fortunes of these are the stories of the faithful, serving Negro families, most of them tied to their employing "masters" by bonds of miscegenation.

The main narrative thread (there are at least a dozen) treats of the love of common, earthy Tam Lipscomb, son of the town's chief merchant, for the aristocratic Nelia Haydn. Another has to do with Miss Milly Thaxton and her attempts to cover up the fact that her handsome son Lance is feeble-minded.

Mr. Cooper has constructed his heavily freighted melodrama admirably, neatly fitting each melodramatic incident into a giant "economy size" package. His prose is sturdy and awkward, burdened with a plethora of italics, presumably used—though not successfully—to compensate for his inability to capture speech rhythms in any other way. His narrative has tremendous drive and a kind of frenzied vitality that makes it highly readable. But his book fails of its purpose to recreate a Texas small town. This failure is largely one of creative imagination. Every stock legend about town "characters" that has ever been told in any town has been dusted off and trotted into play, and the author has added nothing to what others have done with these stock legends on a somewhat smaller scale. In addition, he has been so busy rattling the innumerable skeletons in the closets of his families that he leaves the impression that Sironia was a town in which the principal industry was fornication, with a secondary interest in talking about it.

Settle then for the fact that "Sironia, Texas" is a big book, a readable one, with lots of dramatic incident and—except for its size—one of little importance.

A Homeless Ideal

YET OTHER WATERS. By James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. 414 pp. $3.75.

By Oliver La Farge

THE fortunate continue to change as they age. Not infrequently they grow younger in mind, shedding the agedness characteristic of intense-minded young men. "Yet Other Waters" suggests that Mr. Farrell may be one of these, and that he has shed some of the pessimism that shadowed his earlier, remarkable reportage. Given his distinctive, perhaps I should say peculiar, genius, this is good news.

Much of the novel analyzes the capture, or attempted capture, of writers by the Communist movement of the early Thirties before the glossy deceptions of the Popular Front period. It is a penetrating analysis of why men become and remain Communists. Among writers the greatest appeal was to the third- or tenth-raters, who by embracing the "movement" could receive the applause of a group, earn a little money, and salve their souls with the fiction that capitalism, not their own inability, was what denied them the national recognition that would be theirs come the Revolution. The story shows neatly how Communism became essential to these men, until the emotional tie to it transcended reason, integrity was killed, and they were enslaved.

The story is told through the disillusionment and eventual break with Communism of the hero, Bernard Carr. Carr is another valid type: a successful writer who first allied himself with the movement through honest indignation, then, as its corruption of mind and spirit was exposed to him, found that leaving it meant the enmity of his circle of friends, calumny, and at least the threat of blackmail.

The period is past and dead, but this study of the extreme Leftist mind remains worthwhile in its own right. The novel is not, however, a mere fictionalized study of a political subject. It is equally a study of Bernard Carr, a devoted, lonely writer, his relations, and his difficult inner decisions. He seems a trifle slow to make up his mind—but we read the story with hindsight. Ordinary, quiet men make big decisions with difficulty, advancing toward and retreating from the final conclusion. They are never concerned with that alone; there are the family relationships, the plan of work and its progress, temptations of the flesh (not too convincing in this case), and in this particular story some quite de-

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lightful observations on the behavior of a baby.

Mr. Farrell is a curious phenomenon. Often he writes badly. His conversations are flat. One is aware of laboring as one reads—but one continues reading. Except when, as with Studs Lonigan, he lugs the reader mercilessly through an endlessly detailed recital of the incidents in the short life of an ordinary man, his characters tend to be cardboard, two-dimensional. This last effect is due in part to his apparently not yet having mastered—or, perhaps, accepted—the techniques for working from inside, instead of from outside, expositorily, of his characters. When he does get inside Carr, for instance, Carr comes to life.

For all these faults, one reads the books, and afterwards they stay in the mind for years. It is a strange gift. In "Yet Other Waters" from time to time Carr speaks, or thinks, for us, as a writer on writing. We are getting, I suspect, Mr. James T. Farrell, who on this evidence is a dedicated writer with purity of purpose and a shining love of people in general—a bit inept, perhaps, in relationships with individuals. The book leaves this reviewer somewhat breathless, and cherishing the hope that the writer just described is in the process of exploring new and excellent avenues of further growth.

America's Backyard

STORY: The Magazine of the Short Story in Book Form: Number Two. Edited by Whit Burnett and Hallie Burnett. New York: A. A. Wyn. 289 pp. $3.

By William Peden

THE PRESENT volume marks the 131st appearance of "Story: The Magazine of the Short Story," and is the second volume to appear in hardcovers. Like "Story: Number One," this collection contains twenty hitherto unpublished short stories sufficiently distinguished in concept and attainment to maintain the high standards of their predecessors.

It has been said that perhaps the greatest contribution the editors of "Story" have made has been their encouragement of little-known authors who later achieved real distinction. The present volume is no exception. Half of its authors are under thirty, several of them are appearing in print for the first time, and only a few—like William Sansom, for example—possess established reputations. This, I think, is just as it should be. As the editors comment, "Short-story writers are the first line of the national defense of literature. They are the young. It is with the small arms of the short story they face the world. . . . Rarely, in this country, does one find a big gun of letters who has not put in his years first with the short story."

The stories by these talented newcomers are as varied as are their authors' backgrounds and vocations. For example, there is the story "Survival," a psychological study involving a small-town high-school principal, his moonstruck wife, and her gigantic lover, by Robert Canzoneri, a twenty-six-year-old former Navy tail gunner, now teaching in a Mississippi high school. Or "The Girl on the Lake," a sympathetic portrayal of the trials of a pair of youthful lovers, by twenty-seven-year-old David Roberts, a Navy veteran and now news editor for a New York radio station. Or "The Gun on the Wall," another understanding and intelligent story involving a problem of adolescence, by Gladys Garber, a young housewife now attending Boston University.

Or "Honeymoon," a compelling picture of sadism with a Mexican setting by German-born Kurt Wincelburg, a twenty-eight-year-old veteran of the Okinawa invasion. Or "I Am Edgar," a rousing horror story involving a psychopathic university instructor, by thirty-five-year-old Jerry Wexler, an Army veteran now associated with M-G-M music subsidiaries. The promise displayed by these young writers argues well for the healthy condition of American literature.

Outstanding among the work of the more established writers included are William Sansom's "Miss Haines and the Gondolier," a character study of an emotionally arrested Englishwoman and a Venetian gondolier, set in the decaying splendors of contemporary Venice and written in a lush, richly-textured prose, and Nelson Hayes's perceptive portrayal of a father's love for his teen-age daughter, "The Weaning of Laura Wade."

This good collection of stories makes us hope that "Story" will continue to withstand the pressures it has weathered during the last twenty years. "Story in Book Form" continues to provide a refuge where "good writers of good stories can pre-

(*Continued on page 30*)

William Peden is director of the Missouri Writers' Workshop and associate professor of English at the University of Missouri.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WORDS TO THE WISE—AND OTHERWISE

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, asks you to match these familiar quotations with the poets who wrote them. Allowing five points for each correct pairing, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. (Don't worry if your score isn't perfect; Mr. Palmer has been reading and writing poetry for most of his 85 years.) Answers on page 35.

1. Go down to Kew in lilac-time.	( ) Arnold
2. Did the Hand then of the Potter shake?	( ) Browning
3. Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul.	( ) Byron
4. Why don't you speak for yourself, John?	( ) Coleridge
5. Will no one tell me what she sings?	( ) Emerson
6. Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!	( ) Field
7. Take thy beak from out my heart.	( ) Fitzgerald
8. What are the bugles blowin' for?	( ) Gilbert
9. While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.	( ) Kipling
10. Notice Neptune, though, taming a sea-horse.	( ) Longfellow
11. Children dear, was it yesterday?	( ) Macauley
12. Why, say, "Sail on! sail on! and on!"	( ) Miller
13. Now, don't you go till I come.	( ) Noyes
14. Hold off! unhand me, gray-beard loon!	( ) Poe
15. We left him alone with his glory.	( ) Scott
16. Here once the embattled farmers stood.	( ) Shakespeare
17. But what good came of it at last?	( ) Southey
18. You must wake and call me early.	( ) Tennyson
19. Farewell, my own, light of my life, farewell.	( ) Wolfe
20. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition.	( ) Wordsworth

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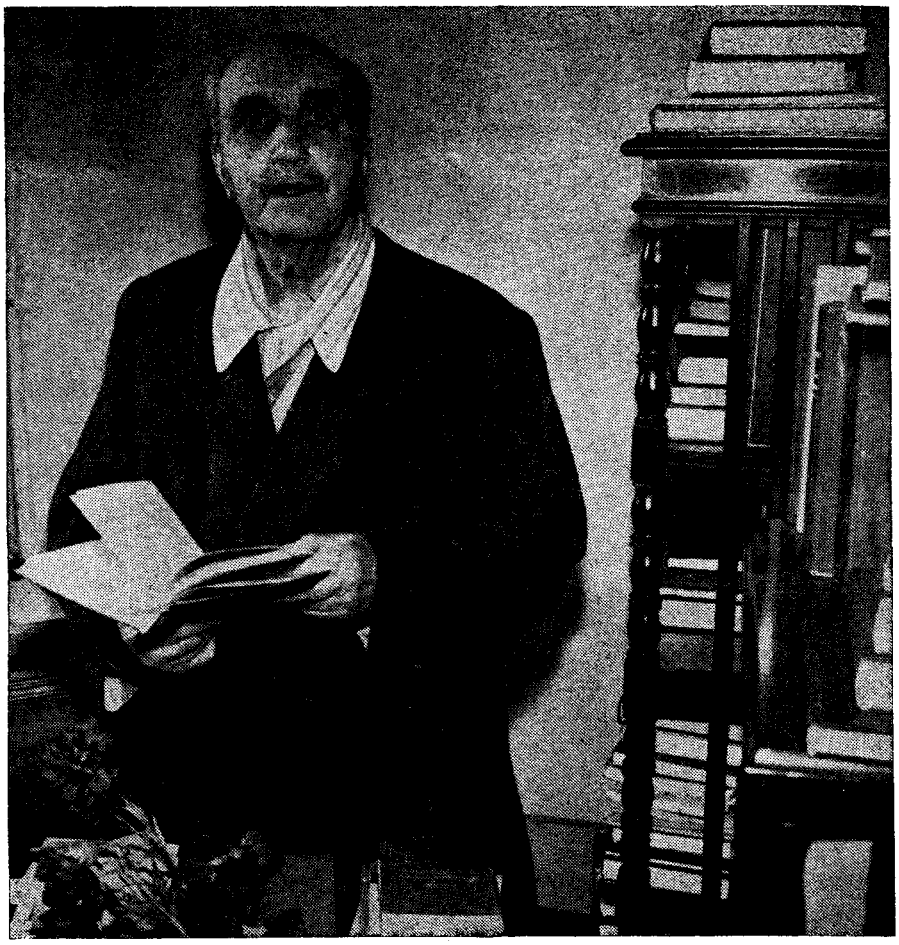

Santayana in his Roman-Irish convent—"his long, fruitful, and literary life."

The Roman Brahmin

PAUL ARTHUR SCHILPP

"A MAN cannot sit above the clouds and have no prejudices. That would be to have no heart, and therefore no understanding . . ."

These words, written by the late George Santayana in February 1951 for the preface of his last book, "Dominations and Power," were meant, of course, to be both autobiographical as well as universal in import. However, if they are descriptive of Santayana himself, they are so much more by negation than by exemplification. For, to the very day of his death on September 26, this philosopher maintained an extraordinary aloofness to the tensions of our society and to the clamors of our age.

He did, as a matter of fact, "sit through" the Mussolini regime of Fascist Italy. He sat through the Nazi invasion of Italy and later through that of America's armed forces. He sat through the enforced American regime of Italy which followed immediately upon the collapse and defeat of the Fascist-Nazi armies.

Moreover, both late in 1950—long after Italy had regained most of her political (if not her economic) independence—and again in June 1951 I still found him sitting largely "above the clouds" of the mundane events which upset so much of the lives of most other people in the world. Nor was it true then—or, indeed, at any other time during his long, fruitful, and literary life—that Santayana had "no prejudices." Although it should be said at once that his prejudices were not those of the so-called "man in the street" or those of the average scholar or even philosopher. Perhaps it would be truer to say that they were the prejudices of the intellectual aristocrat whose life is, on the whole, lived so much above the noise of ordinary mundane affairs that he just cannot imagine that these mundane affairs are of any real—certainly not of any lasting—significance.

Yet, it would be difficult to maintain that he had "no heart." His enjoyment on receiving old friends was always so obvious that he must have had a heart. And surely no one could—seriously—have accused him of "no understanding." Although here again it is to be confessed that his understanding had a penetration and depth which certainly did not make him the mouthpiece of the "average man." The simple fact of the case is that, ever since he concluded his early series on "The Life of Reason," Santayana wrote a language which really was understandable only to the initiate, a fact to which even his one novel, "The Last Puritan," bears unmistakable witness.

However, I have no intention here to pass judgment either upon Santayana as a literary figure or as a philosopher or as a man or as a citizen: we are still far too close to him to do him justice in any of these regards. For the present I shall be satisfied with relating some reminiscences of recent personal contacts with him.

My last three visits with Santayana, in his Irish Convent "Little Company of Mary" Hospital home on the Via di Santo Stefano Rotundo VI in Rome, where he spent the last ten years of his life, occurred on December 16 and 17, 1950, and on June 24, 1951.

Even on the first of these three visits it was obvious how much Santayana had aged since I had seen him last in September of 1948. He himself was well aware of this fact, for, no sooner had he greeted me at the door and reclined on his chaise longue, than he said: "You will have to sit near me: I am growing deaf as well as blind." The twinkle in his eye, with which he said it, intimated that his words were to be taken with some grains of salt.

He was far from deaf, for we carried on several hours of conversation without any apparent difficulty and without either of us raising his voice unnaturally. And he was far from blind; the best evidence of this lay in the fact that he was even then engaged in reading the page-proofs of his "Dominations and Powers"; true enough, to aid him in this tedious task, Santayana had summoned his old friend of long standing, Daniel M. Cory, a colleague who for many years past has never failed to come to the master's aid whenever needed. But this did not mean that Santayana him-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Paul Arthur Schilpp is professor of philosophy at Northwestern University. He is editor of the Library of Living Philosophers, the second volume of which is devoted to Santayana.

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The Saturday Review

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The Morning After

ON THE morning of Wednesday, November 5, the American people will have to take a deep breath of cool air, clear off the fog, and get on with their business in the world. For three months we have shut ourselves in, making the angry sounds and taut cries of the campaign season. Meanwhile, there has been no corresponding intermission in the world crisis. Events and forces have continued at the same rough pace. History has not obliged us by coming to a full stop during the period of our great preoccupation.

As soon as the election is over, it might be a good idea to stick our heads up for a look around. The world is bound to be as cumbersome and threatening as it was when we left it, except that things have an annoying way of drifting in the wrong direction. We see Asia, where a billion people are striking out for something they hope will be better than what they have known, but they are not looking to us—not yet. So far we have failed to say or do the things that will convince them we know what is in their hearts. Instead, we have said bitter things to ourselves because so much of Asia has gone under and over; but what we have said is meaningless because it has mostly been about guns and steel and the things that people cannot use for saving their land or for making a better life. And always we talk about yesterday, and very little about what can be done for the larger part that remains.

We see Africa, where yet other millions are caught up in a churning struggle that is no less deep or bloody for its lack of a fixed or clearly recognizable form. It is a struggle for the soil, but it is also something more; it is a craving for full membership in the human race. No more irresistible force occurs than when a man becomes convinced that he need not loathe himself because of his skin, or accept punishment for the fact of his birth. Such a force is erupting in Africa, as it has already erupted in Asia.

It is not easy to deal with this force, but the way to begin is by being inspired by it and not by being frightened by it. There will be no milling under our banner if we ourselves are made uneasy by people who are doing what we would do if we were in their place. We talk freedom easily enough but we must not regard it as a painful idea when it comes to life in others. It is this very annoyance of ours, this longing for order above justice, that emboldens Communism and gives it such a clear field. Communism comes upon the scene with its slogans and formations—not creating causes but appropriating them, exploiting the default of all those who do not think but only deplore.

And when we look around the rest of the world, we see that the human situation continues to call for big ideas and big men to give them life.

* * *

ON THE morning of Wednesday, November 5, a man will be handed the greatest assignment in human history. He will have the job not only of speaking for his own people but for people who may never have heard of him or the Party in whose name he was elected. He will come to office at a time when history has never known so many hopes and fears so delicately balanced. For our time is almost like a summing-up of man himself—poised between affirmation and negation, promise and despair, altruism and selfishness, clarity and confusion.

In order to fulfil his assignment, the new American President will have to recognize that the institution of man today is unrepresented. Partial man is represented. That is to say, the part of him that is national man is represented. The part of him that is fraternal, social, and cultural man is represented. But the whole man, or world man, lacks representation. In the sum total of everything he is; in his oneness with all men everywhere; in the basic matters that involve his personal safety, his subsistence, his values; in his station as the dominant occupant of this planet—in all these respects, the cause of the whole man today is without effective representation.

The differences within the human community—differences of ideology, religion, culture, race—all have their spokesmen and their legions, ready to act or react, ready to claim, charge, contend, or defend. But the community of which the differences are a part has no specific form. And the differences have been allowed to overshadow the infinitely larger problem of man himself.

The challenge to America, then, is to become a spokesman for the human community. We can help to give it a specific form and structure, one that offers adequate protection and representation in those matters of common concern to all peoples everywhere, one that is sensitive to the needs and meaning of human destiny. Far from having to discard his nations, his cultures, and his other institutions, man can now create a framework large enough and strong enough to embrace them all. He can make the world safe for diversity.

The world at present is in a condition of near anarchy. Sooner or later the anarchy will have to give way to organization. Such organization could be brought about by force or by the threat of force, in which case it would require force to hold it together. Or it could be brought about by the determination of the overwhelming majority of the world's peoples, responding to positive leadership.

It is positive leadership of these dimensions and in this direction that marks an American opportunity above domestic politics or labels. If we are serious about taking the initiative away from Communism, we can do it best by speaking for man. Not until we do this will we be getting on with our work in the world. —N. C.

The foregoing editorial was adapted from a forthcoming book, "Who Speaks for Man?" to be published by the Macmillan company in January.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Joyce Cary Replies

▶ I QUITE UNDERSTAND Mr. Schultz's indignation when he insists [LETTERS, *SR* Sept. 20] that "the basic motivations of men of good will surmount . . . the struggle for pay." A teacher especially does not think first of pay or he would choose another job. But I did not mean that men anywhere in the world work only for pay—in all democratic States great numbers do voluntary work purely out of public spirit. Also it should be noticed that even work for pay is very rarely all self-regarding. A man wants pay to keep his family, to lighten the wife's labor, to give his children good holidays and a start in the world, not less than to pay his private bills while he does public work.

All I was pointing out in my article ["The Sources of Tension in America," *SR* Aug. 23] was that for their ends, good or bad, private and public, men will struggle. In a democracy they struggle for the necessary economic support, and in a totalitarian state for power, and the latter struggle is more dangerous to their fellows and less easily controlled by legal or moral authority than the former.

My argument was logical. But I perfectly agree that in the final resort the sanctions of a democracy are in its moral ideas.

JOYCE CARY.

Oxford, England.

Psychopathology of Universities

▶ IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, the social anthropologists and psychologists have taught us that the phobias, neuroses, and complexes which afflict individuals may also be exhibited by groups and institutions, and even by entire cultures. Ruth Benedict's brilliant "Patterns of Culture" has effectively illustrated this concept by analyzing a number of primitive societies; and the works of Thorstein Veblen and Thurman Arnold have extended such investigation into the field of economics.

Although various writers have in recent years applied this principle to the study of executives' wives, I do not believe that anyone has until now looked into the problem of analyzing the psychopathology of the modern university—a far more complicated problem in contemporary America than many an innocent university appears to realize. Even a sheltered little New England college may have hidden desires of which it is totally unaware—but of which a cynical old trustee may take unscrupulous advantage. My motive in bringing out into the open these dark and secret urges is emphatically not to embarrass a university by holding it up to public derision, but rather to enable it to understand its own mind and to face its future courageously.

The chief delusions to which American universities tend to succumb (the problems of European universities, being far more deep-seated, must be reserved for a future study) are four in number, and will be treated separately.

1.) *The delusion that one is Harvard.* This delusion often comes upon a university in middle life. After having been established by land-grant, a university not infrequently lives through a happy childhood and adolescence, staffed and overseen by its own alumni, producing normal children such as Schools of Business or Mines. Then, often as the result of hasty and indiscreet hiring of Harvard graduates, it begins to manifest telltale signs: it may establish a tutorial system (with no more than fifty students assigned to each tutor); it talks idly of a House Plan; it wonders aloud whether the new School of Hostelry should not be in Early Georgian instead of Gothic; it calls its campus "the Yard." All these symptoms, although distressing, are not necessarily fatal. X—— University, which had so far deteriorated as to trump up a football rivalry with Yale, was saved by an experienced practitioner with the help of shock treatment—a one-year membership in the Big Ten—and now exhibits the characteristic regional detestation of the Ivy League.

2.) *The delusion that one is General Motors.* This unhappy and expensive frustration seems to have appeared at approximately the time that the American college lost its (older) notion that it was God. Far from representing a closer approach to reality, the new delusion, according to skilled observers, satisfies an even greater megalomania. Some modest colleges, it is suspected, became universities expressly in order to gratify their G.M.-fixation.

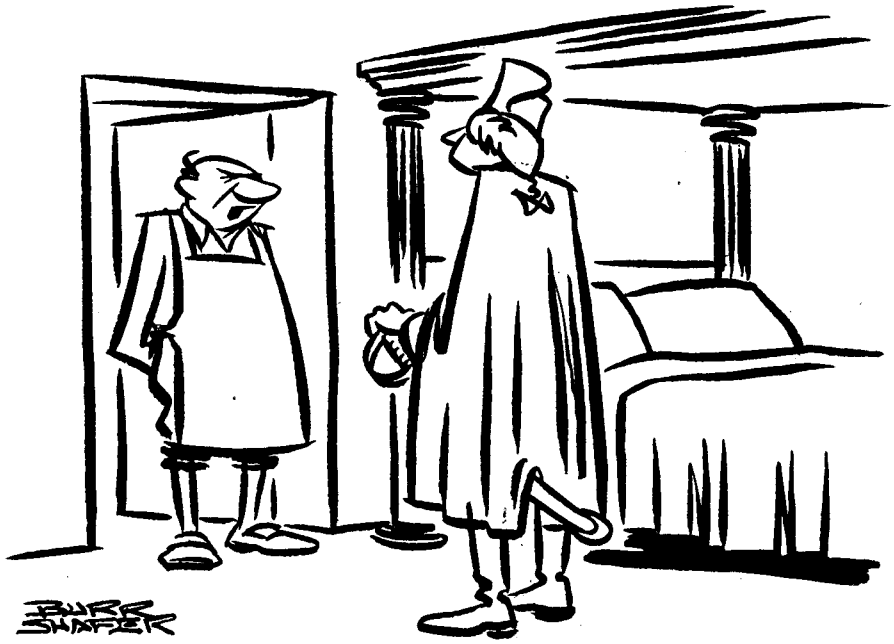
Since the average university is handicapped in fulfilling its desire to be General Motors by the obvious fact that it manufactures no product, it concentrates on the machinery of administration: vice-presidents, personnel directors, flow charts, and the like. And it often goes so far as to draw into its organization business directors of various kinds, who help to maintain the delusion by introducing such devices as daily conferences and expense accounts.

3.) *The delusion that one is a golf club.* Contrary to the opinions of some, this ancient delusion is far from extinct, as laymen whose children are college students can bear witness. Some distinctions must be noted, in fairness to the American golf club: not only are most golf clubs less expensive than the average golf-club college, but the level of professional instruction they offer is decidedly higher.

A course of treatment for the golf-club college exists, but it is so prolonged and exacting that most patients speedily throw off the new curriculum and revert. The only infallible cure, some practitioners maintain, is afforded by a grant from a foundation so large as to preclude backsliding.

4.) *The delusion that one is a psychoanalyst.* This delusion is, of course, of special interest to the profession. Strangely enough, although we should be in a particularly favorable position to recognize it and deal with it, there are few proven cures on record, for a reason that, in my opinion, involves the moral and ethical bases of our profession. I shall presently return to this point.

Universities have become the special prey of this neurosis within the past two



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And if you're not out by 12 o'clock, General Washington, I'll have to charge you for another day!"

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decades. The symptoms appear partly in the academic curriculum (the proliferation of courses in psychology-and-literature, psychology-and-sociology, etc.) and partly in the tendency to enlarge psychological counseling staffs until they frequently outnumber the faculty and even the administrative officers. "An analyst for every student!" is reliably reported to be under consideration as the new motto of a prominent Eastern college.

To criticize a tendency so full of promise for our profession may seem merely quixotic. I feel, nevertheless, that it should be remembered, amidst all the calls one hears for a forty-hour week of analysis for college students, that the student should have some part of each week, if not of each day, reserved for study, or the entire structure may crumble of its own weight, throwing many analysts at least temporarily out of work. Long-term considerations should weigh more heavily with us than immediate practical benefits.

I realize that I have done little more than open up lines of investigation for those who will follow. I shall be content, however, if I have directed a fresh and healing light against the shadows of ignorance and false shame which have too long shrouded the psychic life of the American university.

F. TOUCHSTONE.

Washington, D.C.

Fund for Adult Education

▶ I HAVE READ WITH great interest your Annual Education Number in which "The Role of the Foundation in American Education" is extensively discussed [*SR* Sept. 15].

The staff of the Fund for Adult Education is naturally pleased that there should have been as much emphasis on adult education as was given. However, I wish to take the liberty of inviting your attention to one or two points in the issue which require either correction or amplification.

In the article "The World Floods Into Iowa," by Robert Lewis Shayon, I find in the second paragraph an entirely correct reference to the fact that the experimental television programs, produced at WOI-TV, were made possible by a grant from the Fund for Adult Education, established by the Ford Foundation. However, in the sixth paragraph of the same article, I find this quotation: "This program would never have faced a lens but for the role another Ford Foundation agency, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, is playing in radio-TV." The implication here is that in addition to grants from the Fund for Adult Education, WOI received a grant from our sister fund, the Fund for the Advancement of Education. Actually, the only grant of this sort made to this station was from the Fund for Adult Education.

I think it is important to note that we have already spoken to Mr. Shayon about this error and that he informs us it was made in your office in editing his copy.

In the same article there is a reference to "grants from the Ford Foundation to the Joint Committee on Educational Television." The grants to the Joint Committee were made by the Fund for Adult Education and not by the Ford Foundation.

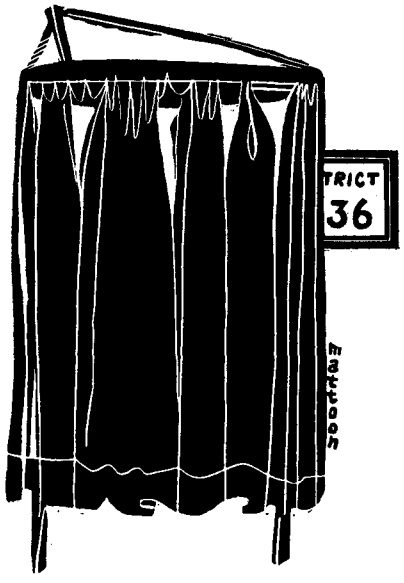
I might add also for your information that the tape-recorded radio programs of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters referred to in the subsequent paragraphs were made possible by the Fund for Adult Education, although, of course, it is correct as stated that this was "Ford money."

Again, in the article by Fred M. Hechinger, there is a reference to the Ford Foundation as sponsoring the "test cities" project. This again is a project of the Fund for Adult Education.

The Fund for Adult Education is an operationally independent corporation, with its own officers and board of directors, established some sixteen months ago by the Trustees of the Ford Foundation to operate on an independent basis in the field of liberal adult education. It is not a branch or division of the Ford Foundation. I have taken the trouble to correct these misapprehensions only because the need for continuing liberal adult education, which gave rise to the creation of this fund, makes it seem urgent to us that any efforts put forth in this field be appropriately identified and not confused with the activities of organizations which are not immediately and directly involved.

Our fathers and their fathers before them, all the way back to the Ten Thousand Greeks stranded in Asia, resorted to democratic group discussion to find answers to their problems. But the inventions of our own generation in the field of mass communication might appear to have minimized the need for the town meeting and the cracker-barrel session.

But only apparently. These inventions serve just as effectively the ends of totalitarianism as of democracy. The words of charlatans flash around the world just



as swiftly as the words of wise men. The mechanisms for becoming informed, and misinformed, are available to all. Modern mass communication serves democracy only if supplemented by free exchange among individuals, free exchange of fact and opinion leading them closer to the truth.

It was in recognition of this that the Fund for Adult Education at the outset decided to lay maximum emphasis on face-to-face discussion, supplemented by wise use of mass communication, as the most fruitful method of carrying on liberal adult education. The fund was created to deal with "that part of the total educational process which begins when formal schooling is finished," and it saw as its task "the expansion of opportunities for all adult men and women to continue their education throughout life in the interests of mature and responsible citizenship." To implement this aim, it has lent, and will continue to lend, support to programs of liberal adult education for free citizens in our free society, and it marked out as areas of emphasis political understandings, international understandings, economic understanding, and the humanities.

FAE has entered a field in which heretofore the maximum emphasis has been placed upon the purely vocational and the purely avocational, and it is doing what it can to redress the balance between those activities which involve training or pure entertainment, and those which stretch the citizen's mind and make him a better citizen in an industrialized democratic society.

DELBERT CLARK,
Eastern Representative.

New York, N. Y.

Mixed L & T

▶ TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS will occur in spite of all precautions. An error crept into my article on "The General, the Governor, the Grassroots" [*SR* Oct. 18]. It was finally caught and corrected, but it appeared in so many copies that it seems only fair to point it out. Speaking of Stevenson, I said, "He has in his more important addresses brought to politics an altitude of mind unknown since Wilson's day." "Altitude" appears as "attitude." There *is* a difference.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

New York, N. Y.

Basket of Chips

▶ ONE OF THE SIMILES N. C. quoted in his editorial "The Living Language" [*SR* Sept. 27] is one which I have often heard my mother use—"Smiling as a basket of chips." We have both pondered many times over its origin. Does anyone have any guesses?

Apropos of "gaum"—meaning to "smear"—I am reminded of a hiking trip I took in the White Mountains five or six years ago. The boys at one of the "huts" *gormed* the table with the *gorm rag* after meals.

FRANCES E. HOLMES.

Montpelier, Va.

International Language

▶ "ENGLISH FOR THE WORLD" by W. L. Werner [*SR* Oct. 4], while giving much useful information, betrays an unconscious cultural imperialism.

The adoption of a language for inter-

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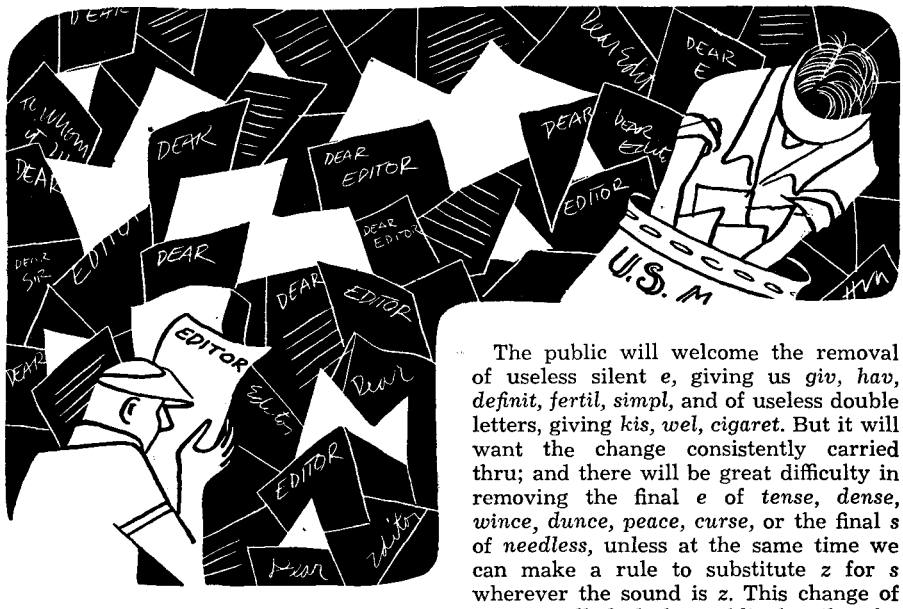

national use is not merely a matter of statistics, teaching techniques, and an intensified crusade for simplified spelling. In effect, Dr. Werner says, "Let us teach the world English before Stalin teaches them Russian." The recommendation to "git thar fustest with the mostest" in India is not likely to endear representatives of the United States to Indians anxious to build up their own native culture and not be taken over by that of their previous conqueror. Incidentally, the Communists in China think it worth while to issue a monthly journal in Esperanto, *El Popola Chinio*, which reports news of what is happening there.

Such suggestions as those made by Dr. Werner would come better from a representative of non-English speaking nations. In the meetings of the United Nations those who speak French, Russian, Spanish, and many other tongues are not likely to agree to being so quickly relegated to a permanently inferior place.

The adoption, by the more developed nations, of a neutral auxiliary tongue would surely be of tremendous psychological value in winning the support and cooperation of the insurgent racial and national groups. The whole problem merits a deeper investigation before any final decision can be made.

MARK STARR.

New York, N. Y.

Bot or Bawt?

▶ THE PUBLIC WILL WELCOME changes in spelling that lessen the number of letters in a word, will be hostile to such as increase the number, and will be cool to such as do neither. Today we see "sox" often, "baby chix" once in a while, but never a *cs* or *ks* for an *x*.

Changes at or near the ends of words will be more acceptable than those at or near the beginnings; *knolej* would stand a better chance than any form that dropped the *k*.

Systematic changes in broad classes of words will be acceptable; removal of sporadic anomalies like *of, one, two, busy, bury, choir, knowledge*, will not unless they can be packaged among the rest.

The public will welcome the removal of useless silent *e*, giving us *giv, hav, definit, fertil, simpl*, and of useless double letters, giving *kis, wel, cigaret*. But it will want the change consistently carried thru; and there will be great difficulty in removing the final *e* of *tense, dense, wince, dunce, peace, curse*, or the final *s* of *needless*, unless at the same time we can make a rule to substitute *z* for *s* wherever the sound is *z*. This change of *s* to *z* will find the public hostile; the problem will be to persuade them that it is needful for the sake of getting rid of the concededly superfluous *e*. Here is perhaps the greatest obstacle.

The removal of silent *b*, giving *lam, lim, crum*, perhaps even *det* and *dout*, has been little agitated but will perhaps meet little opposition. On the other hand, the simplification of words now spelled with *gh* has been most agitated and will be most unanimously applauded in principle, but will meet an obstacle in deciding what pronunciation our phonetic form shall indicate as standard: do we say we pronounce *bot* or *bawt*?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Simpl Sistem?

▶ W. L. WERNER'S ARTIKL remiendz me dhat fue peepl noe dhat an Inglish komity heded bie such skolarz az Walter Ripman and Gilbert Murray wurkt for yeerz to fiend a simpl and praktikal sistem ov speling Inglish foenetikly.

Ripman and Archer hav publisht a book deskriebing it entietld "New Spelling." It looks difikult and horribl. Aktuealy, moest peepl kan reed it widhout eeven lurning dhe ruulz. *And aul dhe speling ruulz kan be ritn on a 3 x 5 inch kard!*

Noe wun sugjests dhat we imeedyetly abandon our tradishonal speling—dhe nue kood be graduealy introduest.

THEODORE M. SWITZ.

Chicago, Ill.

Danger for Others

▶ ENGLISH IS ONE OF THE RICHEST, most flexible, and most powerful languages of the world—perhaps only ancient Greek surpasses it. It is too great a language to be debased to the uses of an international jargon, inevitably degraded to the standards of Basic English or worse.

If only an inter-European tongue were in question, the best choice would be Latin. Since the need is for a language accessible to all human beings, not merely those whose tongues are descended from the proto-Aryan, a purely artificial language seems to be the desideratum. The two best claiments, Esperanto and Interlingua, are too closely akin to the European languages. Let UNESCO appoint a commission to study scientifically all the civilized languages of the world, and create a simple, universal means of communication between all peoples.

MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

Dusting Off Our Language

▶ William D. Grampp's call to return to simpler and fresher words ["Words in Public," *SR* Sept. 20] is most useful to all users of the English language.

FRANCES L. HUGHES.

Lake Forest, Ill.

Billy the Kid

▶ MR. FISHWICK FAILS to take sufficient note of an important point in his "Billy the Kid: Faust in America" [*SR* Oct. 11]. The legend of Billy the Kid has some basis in fact, for there was something of the Robin Hood in him.

Once, following a fracas at Lincoln, the Kid rode out of town on horseback. Several children (my grandmother among them) who had been at play beside the road attempted to hide when he approached them. But as he rode past Billy shouted to them, *"No tienen miedo de mi"* (Don't be afraid of me), and threw them a fifty-cent piece.

JOSEPH H. FORSYTH.

State College, N. M.

Lords and Ladies

▶ KENNETH HORAN ROGERS professes to be a devotee of Angela Thirkell and the inhabitants of Barsetshire, but to judge from her review of "Happy Return" [*SR* Sept. 27] she does not seem to be acquainted with "Burke's Peerage." In speaking of Lady Cora Waring, Mrs. Rogers mentions her husband, Lord Waring; this is an impossibility, due to the fact that Sir Cecil Waring is merely a baronet, and not a baron. Therefore, his title could not be "Lord." If the reviewer has blessed him with a barony due to his wife being called "Lady," this is because Lady Cora is the daughter of a duke and therefore entitled to the appendage regardless of her married name. In this same vein, one does not speak of Lady Lufton's son as Lord Ludovic; this gentleman is not the son of a duke but a baron, entitled Ludovic, Lord Lufton.

BERYL DONNATH.

New Orleans, La.

Howard Collins

▶ A SENSE OF REAL PERSONAL LOSS came over me when I read in the Oct. 11 *Saturday Review* of the death of Howard Collins. For years I have enjoyed his delightful department, and through a few contributions of my own had a charming correspondence with him. It didn't matter whether he used my stuff or not, I enjoyed his letters; they were friendly and covered a variety of topics.

BEATRICE S. FIRESTONE.

Cincinnati, O.

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Seeing Things

KATHARINE WITHOUT PETRUCHIO

Katharine Hepburn—"adventures of an immensely rich and bullying termagant."

THERE are pleasanter topics to dwell on than the penalties exacted by old age. Yet I do not see how anyone, especially any of Shaw's admirers, can sit before "The Millionairess"* or read it without being reminded of the cruelty of mounting years.

Shaw was seventy-five when, early in 1932, he made his first draft of the comedy. He was nearly seventy-nine when, in a note dashed off from a steamer on the Red Sea, he teased his treasured friend Lady Astor by saying, "I am finishing—practically rewriting—my play called 'The Millionairess.' People will say you are the millionairess. An awful, impossible woman." He was eighty when the play had its world premiere in Vienna and eighty-one when it was performed at Malvern. He was to live for another thirteen years, and to the end continue writing, writing, writing, as that unstoppable "writing machine" he knew himself to be.

In 1939 at eighty-three Shaw was able to turn out "In Good King Charles's Golden Days," the wittiest and most satisfying of his autumnal dramas. No one can deny, however, that his long and great career as a playwright had reached its peak with "Saint Joan," written when he was sixty-seven. Thereafter, and in spite of the vitality shown six years later in "The Apple Cart," there was an unmistakable decline. "Too True to Be Good," "Village Wooing," "On the Rocks," "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles," "Geneva," "Buoyant Billions," "Farfetched Fables," and "Shakes versus Shav" proved increasingly that the superman was mortal.

Shaw was far too true a realist not to realize that what *was* happening to him was what *must* happen. The champion of the Life Force knew that even the force he championed was not personally inexhaustible. He made this clear when at seventy in a letter to Henry Arthur Jones he said, "People who obviously pity my dotage have a well-meant but disagreeable habit of reminding me that Sophocles wrote his best plays at eighty. I suppose they say the same to you. They know nothing about it."

If his last plays betrayed the saddening signs of age, Shaw's prefaces, letters, postcards, and such expository tracts as "The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism" and "Everybody's Political What's What?" continued through his final decades to be as eruptive as ever, and to rejoice in that muscularity of mind and brightness of wit prized as Shavian.

"THE MILLIONAIRESS" is a case in point. The play's preface is its youngest and most interesting feature. It stands like an imposing porch in front of a house consisting only of a rumpus room, and a small one at that. Its prose is brilliant where the dialogue that follows is for the most part dull. Where its ideas are ingeniously advanced, the comedy's plot is feebly built. If only the actors could speak the preface instead of the lines written for them, they would be better off and so would the audience. For the preface deals seriously, though dazzlingly, with a problem which is dealt with foolishly, when not forgotten, in the ensuing script.

That problem is a large one. It has disturbed all living, shaped and disrupted human society since the creation, and never proved more terrible than in our own times. The problem, in short, is power. It is the mystery of endowment which divides the dominators from the dominated. It is the strange genius which in families, business, politics, or national and international affairs enables certain people to emerge as bosses, tycoons, tyrants, or dictators, and hence control the lives and fortunes of others.

Shaw's belief in the superman, which led him to subscribe to the hero myth and flirt in his old age with Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and the dictator concept, has long been one of the most disconcerting of his inconsistencies. He denied any surrender to the Fuehrer principle. But power attracted him even as money did, and his preface, whether one accepts his thesis or rejects it wholesale, has at least the fascination of revealing an extraordinary mind at work and attempting to come to grips with an all-important theme.

The reverse is true of the play itself. The giant problem, so abiding, serious, and absorbing, is reduced in "The Millionairess" to pygmy dimensions. The world's dilemma shrinks to a silly farce about the matrimonial adventures of an immensely rich and bullying termagant. Shaw's heroine, if such a dominating, violent, and unattrac-

*THE MILLIONAIRESS, a comedy by Bernard Shaw. Directed by Michael Benthall. Settings by James Bailey. Miss Hepburn's dresses by Pierre Balmain of Paris. Presented by the Theatre Guild in association with H. M. Tennent, Ltd. With Katharine Hepburn, Cyril Ritchard, Robert Helpmann, Campbell Cotts, Peter Dyneley, Genine Graham, Nora Nicholson, Vernon Greeves, and Bertram Shuttleworth. At the Shubert Theatre, New York City. Opened October 17, 1952.

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tive virago can be called a heroine, sports the ear-filling name of Epifania Ognisanti di Parerga. I mention her name, and the names of such subsidiary characters as Julius Sagamore, Alastair Fitzfassenden, Polly Seedystockings, and Adrian Blenderbland only because they all betray by their very preposterousness the kind of farcical fatigue which is so depressing in the script as a whole. They may be meant to be Jonsonian, but the comedy in which they appear is scarcely profligate with its humours.

There are some amusing speeches. And such characters as the solicitor, the athlete whose brains are mainly in his muscles, and the Egyptian doctor, who finally marries the millionairess because of her pulse rather than her purse, have their moments of being Shavian, or at least of promising to become so. But the play is tedious and tired, and inadequately states its avowed theme, which is the irresistible and corrupting power of money.

Many worse farces are written each year by men who are in their twenties or thirties. Beyond question "The Millionairess" is sprightly as the output of a near-octogenarian. As an example of Shaw, however, its wit, spirit, and invention are as bleached as was the Elderly Gentleman's beard in his last days. One of the insurmountable troubles with the script is that it is a "Taming of the Shrew" with Petruchio omitted. Worse still, it is a "Taming of the Shrew" with Kate left untamed. Her final speech on wifely knowledge, though heartfelt and eloquent enough, makes no sense since the woman who utters it remains as undomesticated and unbearable at the evening's end as at the beginning.

The supporting cast the Theatre Guild has imported includes capable actors, such as Cyril Ritchard, Campbell Cotts, Vernon Greeves, and most particularly Robert Helpmann as the Egyptian doctor. All of these players must be congratulated on the fortitude with which they listen and the illusion they create of being interested in what they are called upon to do and say. But the focal point of the production, the keystone of the evening, and the Mother Dynamo of the whole proceedings is bound to be Katharine Hepburn.

As everyone knows, Miss Hepburn took London by storm last summer by the unsparing drive with which she acted that female bulldozer Epifania. Her performance continues to be a miracle of energy. If her playing is monotonous, which it unquestionably is, the fault is Shaw's, not hers. The script gives her no other choice than to strike almost every speech with the violence of a pile-driver. Her voice may sound strained, but the wonder is she has any at all.

Miss Hepburn's contribution must be catalogued as a workout no less than a characterization. A whole basketball team could not be in more constant motion. She tosses men downstairs as easily as she breaks chairs. She moves across the stage with the sweep of a hurricane. When she tires of sitting down, she stretches out on the floor. Regardless of what the play may lack, she at least has in her that quality of the historic dominator which is the question discussed in Shaw's preface.

Everything Miss Hepburn is asked to do she does gallantly. She moves with incredible grace and, as always, is fascinating to watch. In a part which as written is so aggressively Johnny-One-Note, she does what is perhaps unavoidable and matches the lack of variety in the writing with a lack of variety in her playing. Her stamina is amazing. Even so, though she shows no signs of wearing herself out, just watching her and listening to her exhausted me halfway through the evening. Indeed, I began to feel as tired as Shaw's writing in "The Millionairess" sounds.

—John Mason Brown.

Speculation

By A. M. Sullivan

INFINITY'S an idiot game;
Stand before the double mirror
Saying "Adam" over and over
As you count the endless error
Of the shape which makes pretension
Of being You in one dimension.

Or stand as one, the unity,
And rim the emptiness of space
With impunity and say
"Nothing matters" as you trace
Zeros edgewise toward quintillion
With light the galloping postillion.

Climb Mt. Wilson toward a star
Where the Big Schmidt fences light
On Palomar, and stretch the sky
Till the rapier Hale in flight
Pokes the furthest eye of Heaven
And nothing comes out proved and
even.

If parallels of Euclid bump
Somewhere on the ancient track,
Mirages stump the sage and fool
Who cross their eyes and turn them
back
To the point on the horizon
Which is measured for a prison.

Spread your ego from the dawn.
How much darkness can you gather
On the lawn come noon to nadir?
Sun measures shadow. Faith would
rather
Trisect the Trinity
Than touch Infinity.

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Broadway Postscript

THREE'S COMPANY

"THE Time of the Cuckoo" is the young season's best theatre, Arthur Laurents's best play, and Shirley Booth's most ambitious performance. It has been honestly and tastefully produced by Robert Whitehead and Walter Fried. To see such a play is one of those opportunities that come too few times each year. No one who loves the theatre will forgive himself for missing it merely because the production has not completely succeeded in bringing off all it set out to do.

With this recommendation and the warning that you mustn't read any further until you have made a trip to the Empire Theatre box-office (alas, the final trip you will be able to make to that nostalgic old show palace before it faces the wrecker's guillotine next summer), let us add that "The Time of the Cuckoo" evades resolving the problems it brings up and at the end of the evening leaves its characters pretty much where they were when they started.

The playwright has, it is true, shown us some honestly sketched portraits of Americans who miss a lot of life's simple pleasures by being too greedy, too anxious to be insured, and—as the play's leading character says—always "looking for that magical mystical miracle." But the main symptom of this disease is the hiding of true emotions behind the joke, and in demonstrating this most skilfully Arthur Laurents similarly tends to hide the deeper intensities of the play behind a substantial shell of comic dialogue.

Perhaps Shirley Booth, under the thoughtful direction of Harold Clurman, could indicate a little more of the emotional storm exploding inside old maid Leona Samish as she spoils her own chances at romance in Venice. But this superlative actress must be applauded for bucking the predisposition of the audience and advancing a step beyond the naive and helpless character people have come to expect from her. Her performance has grown in stature since the play's Philadelphia tryout and theatre-goers seeing the play a month hence may find a Leona Samish who is not merely touching, but is as terrifying as Mr. Laurents intended but did not quite write.

The contributions of the rest of the company are creditable. Dino DiLuca has the right quality as Leona's middle-aged lover too tired for the romantic complications that come with this frustrated American. Donald Murphy and Geraldine Brooks strike home with a savage scene which demonstrates the futility of the "ideal marriage" based on nothing but the bride's willingness to be made love to and the obligation thus imposed on the husband. Lydia St. Clair has a fine Old World air in her comments on life, which are the key to the play's meaning. And Daniel Reed and Jose Perez are most effective in small roles. Ben Edwards's set of a pleasant Venetian patio, which seems to take on the quality of a nightmarish chimera in the scene where Leona's world closes in on her, also helps underline the author's point.

"The Time of the Cuckoo" is only the beginning of the play that was boiling in Mr. Laurents's mind, but the fragment he has shown us is well written and well acted and—what is most pertinent—well worth while.

ALSO worthwhile is the Alfred Drake-Edward Eager adaptation of Ugo Beeti's "The Gambler." However, this heavy drama, which postulates the thought that man's wonder is his willingness to take a chance with God by remaining true to a past for which he s not individually responsible, requires more work from the audience than it returns in enlightenment and pleasure.

The first half of the play is a stimulating combination of the qualities of Pirandello, Sartre, and Kafka. David Petri is being tried for the murder of his wife which he willed but did not commit. Just as in Kafka, there is wonderfully comic satirizing of public officials grappling with the absurdities of everyday life. The picture of the husband, who when asked if his joy at seeing his wife alive again would be nearly indescribable curtly replies "nearly," is fine theatre. So too is Jo Mielziner's simple, ingenious, and beautifully-lit scenic arrangement, which could become a standard for

future productions of this sort. By the use of scrim curtains and contrasting lights and an exceptionally good sound effect he forewarns that not only terrestrial powers are to be engaged in this script. Unfortunately, the wrestling with the absolute which occupies the second half of "The Gambler" is a struggle in which the playwright has overmatched himself, just as did our own Eugene O'Neill in some of his bouts with the religious. For only a poet or a saint can carry on for long at such high altitudes. The transformation of David Petri, from the cold-blooded husband who gives his innocent wife "a tender push" to David Petri the Peer Gynt redeemed by the understanding of the same wife whose love continued beyond her discovery of "the truth," is not dramatically convincing in this play.

Herman Shumlin's deliberate direction has given the actors a detachment from each other and from reality which is intellectually interesting but emotionally unsatisfying. Alfred Drake is thus believable as the cynic, but not as the sinner who desperately wants to regain his wife. Percy Waram is fine as the ominous commissioner of God, but hardly convincing in his jubilation over the strength of the human spirit. Margaret Draper, whose ELT performance of Solweig was the acme of innocence and purity, seems a bit frostbitten in the role of the dearly departed. Only E. G. Marshall manages to bring much of his own inventiveness and humanity to his portrayal of the lawyer, and the pleasant result might indicate that the whole production could have used a great deal more of this type of thing.

Certainly there should be a place on Broadway for "The Gambler," just as there should have been for the plays of Anouilh and other European playwrights of distinction and scope.

IF Mary Chase's "Mrs. McThing" is a successful fairy tale, then her "Bernardine" is a successful Parent-Teacher Association lecture. There are lots of mothers who might profit from a matinee of her elementary, if imaginative, exploration of the adult-adolescent relationship, but the occasional moment of genuine humor and insight is not enough to compensate for the frail hokum surrounding it. Guthrie McClintic and the cast do what they can to make the evening agreeable, and Mrs. Chase's sincere passion to understand human beings tends to persevere through her relative ineptness in pasting a story together. But the result, mounted in shabby scenery, is something less than first-rate entertainment, and a whole lot less than memorable theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR Goes to the Movies

CONGRESS ON CELLULOID

DURING the campaign of 1932 a picture called "The Phantom President" opened on a close-up of a politician addressing a crowd. The camera then panned away from his orating face and came to rest on a horse's behind. This picture was about a Presidential candidate, a banker whose personality is considered too prosy to attract votes, so he is impersonated during the campaign by a song-and-dance man (both roles were played by George M. Cohan). In another film of the same year, "The Dark Horse," the stupid candidate ("Hicks, the Man from the Sticks") is the creation of his campaign manager who has him photographed in fishing togs, awarding blue ribbons to prize bulls, and made an honorary chief by an Indian tribe. Both pictures—and others of the period—painted politics as a racket, public officials as hypocrites, and the voters as a vast mass of gullibility.

Times, as they say, have changed. While 1948 produced at least Frank Capra's "State of the Union," 1952 has come up with nothing whatever about the election, and nothing that relates to politicking at all except Dore Schary's "Washington Story" and the new Twentieth Century-Fox comedy "Something for the Birds." Mr. Schary's contemporary Washington story consists of a travelogue through the bowels of the Capitol, a ringing defense of Congress against columnists and radio commentators (who persist in reporting Congressional malfeasance out of pure malevolence), and a neat solution of the dilemma of a Congressman faced with a conflict between the interest of his constituents and that of the nation as a whole. He need only vote in the national interest. True, his constituents will give him the boot, but he has only to wait four years, or possibly eight, and one of these days the people will see he was right and re-elect him. He has Louis Calhern's word for that. "We've all been through it!" Mr. Calhern exclaims with the glee of a jaunty actor making believe he is a sly old fox of a politician with a heart of gold yet.

"Something for the Birds" begins amusingly as an attempt to let Edmund Gwenn repeat his hit as Mister 880. This time he is an engraver not of dollar bills but of social invitations, and he works in a print shop which supplies them to Washington's fashionable hostesses. At the end of the day he is in the habit of pocketing a few specimen invitations and attending the parties to which they admit him. He has been doing this for thirty years and is universally regarded as an ornament of Washington society; he is believed to be a retired admiral and nobody ever stumbles on the fraud because, as one character puts it, nobody stays in Washington long enough to find out what is going on. Neat and to the point; but the sting of the satire is soon plucked out, and with it most of the fun. Once the "Admiral" gets involved with an amateur lobbyist (Patricia Neal) who wants Congress to preserve the California condor from extinction, the whitewash machine unlimbers itself. This time it isn't the press which leads innocent Congressmen into evil, but a professional lobbyist (Victor Mature). In the pay of the Interests, he sets out to thwart Miss Neal's solicitude for the condor and at the same time to persuade Congress to turn over the condor preserve to his clients. It looks for

SR Recommends

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

The Magic Box: A polystellar biography of the Mr. Chips who invented motion pictures (according to the English). (*SR* Oct. 18.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

The Promoter: Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card." (*SR* Oct. 11.)

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by René Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

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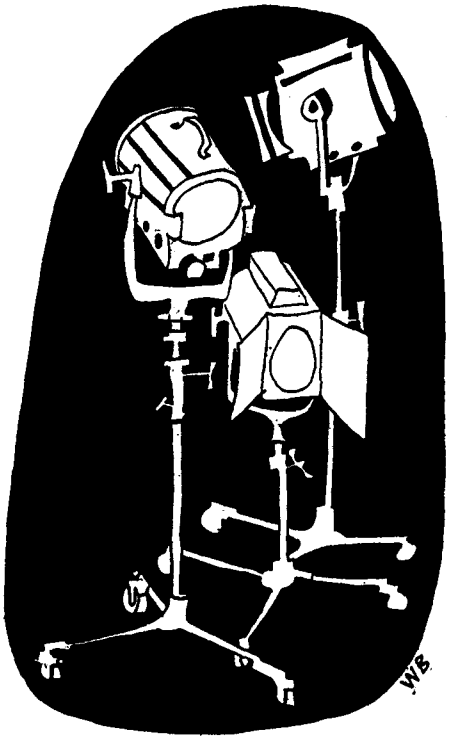
a moment as though the evils of lobbying, at least, will be attacked here. But no; Mr. Mature just reforms, does the right thing by our Neal (with the aid of a columnist who, except for his benevolence, is the exact counterpart of the evil commentator in "Washington Story"). Lobbyists, too, turn out to be as high-minded as Congressmen, columnists, and practically everybody.

In tragic Hollywood, God wot, no villain need be, and in fact damn well better not be. To any voter who suggests that there may be any kind of skullduggery in any branch of the Federal Government, these two pictures come as soothing assurance that it only *seems* that way. It is depressing to turn back from such contemporary timidity to the political satires of twenty years ago, when no group or interest was safe from the informed ridicule of expert film-makers. The weakness of those old topical films was that their contempt for politics and politicians extended to contempt for the electorate, as witness their portrayal of voters as venal fools to be bought with flattery and Government jobs. But at least they took place in the real world, and what they said and showed was part of the experience of everybody. The bankruptcy of their present-day counterparts is evidenced by the thinness of their circumstantial detail and the absurdity of their casting. Many examples of the latter could be cited, but it will do to draw attention to Patricia Neal, who plays a reporter in "Washington Story" and the professorial condor-lover in "Something for the Birds." As either, Miss Neal is strictly for the birds.

—Richard Griffith.



TV and Radio

TV AS HOLLYWOOD SEES IT

"RESIDUAL rights" is Hollywood's clincher to its argument that most, if not all, TV will eventually be on film. The reasoning runs like this: "Why pour all that money into a one-time live show, replete with technical imperfections, only to have it lost for re-telecast, except for inferior-quality kinescoping?" And Hollywood has the edge, as celluloid strips curl more and more around the nation's antennae.

Jerry Wald, RKO-Radio independent producer, volunteered a small caveat in his Wald-Krasna Productions office. "Don't underestimate the human equation. Television sponsors get a big kick out of walking into a control room and saying, 'This is my baby!' It's hard to play show business to visiting firemen with a can of film. And the Brooks Brothers boys [advertising agency men] want that 15 per cent off the top. They have a stake in live TV. Still, I agree, most of television will be on film."

Mr. Wald reads *The Saturday Review* and asked me to come see him when I was in Hollywood recently. The day that we met it was announced that a midwestern syndicate had purchased RKO-Radio Pictures from Howard Hughes. Though still denied, reports persist that the new owners plan to release a twenty-million dollar backlog of RKO films to a major TV network. It was an opportune afternoon to talk about Hollywood and television.

"I turned down an offer to take over TV film production for NBC," said Mr. Wald. "Frankly, there's more money and glory for me in pictures. TV is the biggest economic revolution in America since the cotton gin, but its monopoly is mediocrity. Look at it this way. Motion pictures produce 500 hours of entertainment a year; TV, I figure, will produce 21,000. There isn't the creative manpower even to make 300 good pictures a year. Maybe five good novels are written; the stage produces at most ten hits. Where is the talent to come from in TV to feed that gigantic whale?

"In 1918 Broadway was producing plays like 'Up in Mabel's Room.' Then the silents came and drained off the people who produced such plays. The stage attained a new maturity with Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild. The same thing is happening with television: it's draining off the B-picture-goers, and films will have to achieve a new maturity. It isn't yet, but it's coming. We've got to find out how to avoid frustrating the intelligent and offending the innocent."

The independent producer said independent producing is like a big crap game: you bet a million dollars (banker's money) on one throw of the dice. The biggest grossers have always been great pictures. There's no formula for hits: it's a special art—the right star, the right story, the right time. Make a mistake on subject, star, or title—and no hit."

Mr. Wald says that he never gives the public what it wants. "The public doesn't know what it wants: I give the public what I want. Ask the public what they want and they'll describe the last good thing they saw. Who would have predicted that 'Snake Pit' would be a hit? Only the courage of its producer made it a success." He was interested to learn that TV executives self-assertedly know precisely what the public wants and, self-effacingly, supply it. "Low-income groups," said Mr. Wald, "have been sold a bill of goods on TV. They were promised the greatest entertainment and all they get is counterfeit entertainment —quizzes, imitations, repetition." Costs spiral, shared sponsorship on the same programs kills rapport, and TV comics rapidly wear out their welcome.

Mr. Wald was not wholly negative about TV. "It creates new industries, new services; it replaces vaudeville and supplements summer stock as a training ground for new talent for films; and it will sell pictures." How? "TV trailers. We're going all out for them." Promotion plans for Wald's latest release, "The Lusty Men," call for eight different trailers to be spotted on TV stations nationally—each directed at a different audience, ranging from the innocent to the intelligent.

We wrestled for a while with the problem of how new, creative writers and directors could come to films from television, where mediocrity held sway. There was no sharp solution, though it was acknowledged that with so many more hours to fill with entertainment, compared to pictures, TV will afford opportunity for the learning of rudimentary skills, and for the display of unusual talent, to a correspondingly greater legion of craftsmen. Pro rata, TV can uncover more of them than pictures can. But in the end, pictures will get them, if they watch out—with the inducements of more money, more glory, more time, less product.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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Music to My Ears

OPERA IN THE CONCERT HALLS, ALSO VISITING ORCHESTRAS

AS a preview of the opera season to come, the opening concert of the Philharmonic-Symphony's season under the direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos was as satisfying as it was unconventional. As a portent of what was to come from the orchestra in its ensuing concerts, it was sobering and not at all on the creditable side. The paradox will continue, I think, as long as the musical direction of the Philharmonic remains in the hands of the brilliant, erratic, and not at all evenly gifted Mitropoulos.

With George London as the immaculately tail-coated bass-baritone who became a sounding likeness of a great Boris as soon as he uttered his first tone, Mitropoulos gave us a well-conceived panorama of some high spots from Moussorgsky's tremendous score, which we will be having in full at the Metropolitan later on. Note the "some." Even the very best music in this score outruns the period of an hour or so allotted to it on this occasion. What it did provide, in the main, was a chance for London to deliver some of the richest music ever written for his kind of voice with some of the richest tone a good many of us have ever heard. Of his associates, John McCollum was a plausible Shuisky, Michael Rhodes an acceptable Pimenn, Whitfield Lloyd (Miss, incidentally) an uncertain Feodor. The Schola Cantorum trained by Hugh Ross did its part of the task well, though in rather poor balance with the orchestra arranged below it.

Why the "Fidelio" Overture of Beethoven and Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" were included on this program, only Mitropoulos could answer. Neither did anything to make the evening's music more homogeneous, neither prepared the mind nor the taste for what followed. Program-making is but one phase of his task for which Mitropoulos is ill equipped; taken by themselves, the Beethoven overture was awkward and overstressed, the Strauss tone-poem complex without logic, full of bombast without exaltation.

* * *

By rather sharp contrast with this not too luminous deed were the earlier concerts of the week in which the Danish State Radio Orchestra, under the direction of Thomas Jensen and Erik Tuxen, showed its spirit as well as its competence, and the Philadelphia Orchestra left no doubt of its

London—"Likeness of a great Boris."

pre-eminence under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. The Danes lack the individual virtuosity of either American group, but their enthusiastic musicality even made absorbing listening of a dullish symphony (No. 4) by the country's most revered composer, Carl Nielsen. He is a man, certainly, who had a sense of symphonic structure, of contrast and climax. But dramaturgy alone does not make a playwright; and Nielsen's ideas are consistently smaller than the skill with which he manipulates them. Jensen's half of the evening began with the "Carnaval" Overture of Dvorak, and continued with the Nielsen; Tuxen, as senior officer, was in charge of three of Grieg's "Symphonic Dances" and a suite from Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu."

As a source of news, the next paragraphs must rate as nil, for they concern the Philadelphia Orchestra, whose initial trip to Carnegie Hall this season happened to precede appearances by any other of the "majors." In spite of the repetition inherent in the statement, one is forced to remark that this visit proved once more that this orchestra plays more kinds of music superlatively well than any other now active.

On this occasion I found the greatest pleasure not in the strongly sonorous playing by the strings of Jean River's listenable Third Symphony or Mack Harrell's accomplished singing of Virgil Thomson's settings of five Blake poems (previously noted as sung in Aspen, Colorado) or even the virtuoso splash of Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" Suite No. 2. Rather it came in the lucid, clearly defined playing of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Ormandy's sense of pace played him false in the finale, which jounced rather unevenly; but the basic conception was thoroughly sound, the execution of it by the orchestra warm, lustrous, and satisfying.

* * *

Earlier in the week, Thomas Scherman began another season of his valuable services in Town Hall with the Little Orchestra offering nothing less than the first hearing ever afforded New Yorkers of Mozart's "Clemenza da Tito." This last stage work of Mozart is no unsullied masterpiece, for its tired, harassed, sick-unto-death creator was waging a losing battle with extinction even as he worked at it. However, it has many magnificent moments, of which the closest approach to realization was provided by Francis Bible, with Leopold Simoneau a close second. A new soprano, Heidi Krall, showed singular promise if a little inexperience in her difficult role. Scherman himself communicated little flame to the enterprise, but who else is doing this hazardous work?

Record Week

WHILE valuing the utility of LP in giving compact form to revivals of the vocal art of Schlusnus, Piccaver, Roselle, etc. [*SR* Oct. 11], it is quite clear that most makers find it harder to contrive a similar utility when the matter involved is a group of miscellaneous operatic arias. Of course, if you are a Risë Stevens fan, or a Mario del Monaco or a Lily Pons fan, neither substance nor sequence nor variations in quality will make much difference.

The Stevens collection (RCA Victor LM 9010, $5.45) starts off almost as if it had a premise: to collect specimens of the singer's art in one of its special manifestations—male roles sung by a female. This gives a loose kind of unity to excerpts from "Rosenkavalier," "Nozze di Figaro," and Gluck's "Orfeo," but it trails off badly in a conventional ending with the final scene of "Carmen" (issued previously, it sounds to me, as part of RCA's complete "Carmen" with Jan Peerce).

In all, this is a kind of harmonious hash in which any basic musical nutrition is canceled out by the variety of ingredients purveyed. Neither duet from "Rosenkavalier" ("Mir ist die Ehre" from Act II or "Ist ein traum" from Act III, both with Erna Berger) was meant to be excerpted. Moreover,

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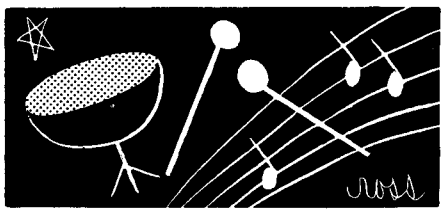
the absence of the minor but significant parts of Faninal and the Marschallin in Act III is more than questionable economics; it is decidedly poor esthetics. Miss Stevens's notable Octavian deserves better than this, after years of waiting for it on records. Berger sings the music of Sophie splendidly.

Overside, Stevens sings her Mozart ("Non so più cosa son" and "Voi che sapete") almost faultlessly and her Gluck ("O ciel" and "Che farò") with a clarity and sensitivity that recall, while surpassing, her early efforts with these on Columbia more than a decade ago. The "Carmen" extract is much as before. A sturdy contribution to the worth of all is made by Fritz Reiner, whose work is a model of what a conductor's should be in such an assignment. Excellent recording, too.

The Del Monaco solo disc (his first for London, LS-670, $4.95) is another kind of vocal blue-plate, full of appeal for his particular public, not likely to entice others. The Verdi side offers a more than life-sized image of the Del Monaco tones working away at "Quando la sere al placido" from "Luisa Miller," "De miei bollenti spiriti" from "Traviata," other excerpts from "Trovatore" and "Macbeth." The Puccini side blends the two familiar "Tosca" excerpts with others from "Girl of the Golden West" and "Turandot." Here, certainly, is a unique talent; unique not only in its power but also its owners' inability to comprehend the difference between Alfredo and Jack Rance, Verdi and Puccini. Fine ringing sound, anyway.

To Lily Pons, by the evidence of Decca DL 4024 ($2.50) accrues the dubious honor of being accorded "Treasury" status while she is very much alive and actively functioning. To judge from the bland presentation of these "Lakmé" excerpts without date or other attribution, it might be assumed they were made yesterday or ten years ago. Actually, 1930 would be a good guess for the time of French origin, which has some virtue relative to vocal freshness, but none at all in terms of orchestral values or apt registration of the whole sound. Borrowings from the past, when properly identified, can serve some useful purpose; I can't see that this one does, especially since historical data, or pretensions, are nil.

—Irving Kolodin.



FICTION

(*Continued from page* 18)

sent their best work, free of editorial taboos or commercial requisites, apart from cliques or fashions." Such refuges are today more important than ever before.

* * *

BYZANTINE BOUDOIRS: This is a season of rediscovery of the Eastern Empire. Robert Raynolds's "The Sinner of Saint Ambrose" numbered Theodosius the Great among its major characters. The reign of Theodosius II is the background for Helen A. Mahler's **"Empress of Byzantine"** (Coward-McCann, $4). Harold Lamb's "Theodora and the Emperor" employs the same setting some hundred years later.

Mr. Raynolds's use of this material is distinguished, Mr. Lamb's is good, but alas, I am afraid Miss Mahler's use of it is to be lamented. This is too bad, because it was not easy to write so large a book with such a wealth of background detail, and it is distressing to see it add up to nothing.

The young Emperor Theodosius is holding contests in search of a wife, just like a fairy-tale prince. His lord chamberlain and bosom friend, Paulinus, is anxious to help him find one to distract Theodosius from making love to him. The Emperor's older sister and co-ruler, Pulcheria, is anxious to help find one so that she can put aside her place of state and perhaps marry Paulinus.

The girl they find is Athenais, of a pagan Greek family, who looks exactly like the Athena Parthenos of Phidias. She has to be looked at somewhat cautiously. "Paulinus looked first. It seemed to him that his heart stopped. Then it began to pound heavily and every nerve tingled." Theodosius, "his cheeks pale, his dark-shadowed eyes dilated," exclaims, "She is even more divine than you, Paulinus. She is so beautiful that it hurts."

That is more or less the pitch. Athenais becomes Christianized as the Empress Eudocia. The royal couple pursue a somewhat athletic love life, described as a sort of ballet. "In the intoxication of ecstasy at the sight of each other's magnificent nudity, they united at last, breathless and in frantic passion, on the leopard skin." In spite of all this, she and Paulinus suffer a lifelong yearning for each other.

The historical elements, the Code of Theodosius and the Council of Ephesus, are somewhat lost in the tangle of intrigue. The book is consistently banal and often worse. I'm not sure which is my favorite passage. I think it's the one in which Theodosius and Paulinus are working on a little invention to improve mining pumps, when the Empress comes in. Theodosius "yells," "Sweetheart, you really are in the way here and you're only getting yourself dirty. Go to bed. I'll be with you in a moment." Good night.

—Edmund Fuller.

Listed below are new novels and volumes of short stories which we do not have space to review in this issue. We hope to give more extended notice to most of them in the near future.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS. By Alba de Cespedes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.95. A woman who murdered her "perfect husband" psychologically explored. From the Italian.

THE BRASS GOD. By Richard Hubler. New York: Coward-McCann. $3. Adventure and suspense revolving about buried treasure in the Caribbean.

CHRISTMAS GIFT. By Margaret Cousins. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50. A collection of stories, suitably sentimental for Christmas giving and reading.

THE DISGUISES OF LOVE. By Robie Macauley. New York: Random House. $3. A first novel about a married professor at a Midwestern college who falls in love with one of his students.

GIVE US THIS VALLEY. By Tom Ham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A young married couple migrate from Pennsylvania to Georgia in 1837, encountering a variety of hardships and adventures en route.

A MASTER OF THE WORLD. By Cothburn O'Neal. New York: Crown Publishers. $3.75. A novel based on the life of that Asiatic terror, Tamerlane.

SHE RODE A WHITE HORSE. By Evelyn Tyler. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. When Dana Marsten runs for Congress she encounters many perils to her ideals and marriage.

YORKTOWN. By Burke Davis. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. The adventures, military and romantic, of young Lieutenant Spargo, from his escape from a prison ship in 1780 to the last battle of the Revolutionary War.

HARD-COVER SOAP OPERA: It is hard to estimate the influence of the soap opera-B movie technique on the novel, but in the case of Estelle Slater's **"The Strong Don't Cry"** (Liveright, $3) that influence would seem to be considerable. All that is added to the formula is a current of brutal violence (there are five killings) and a parcel of extra-marital sex; all that is missing is a full-fledged amnesia case.

For her New York-at-the-turn-of-the-century story of Rocky Maners, gangster and ward politician who takes care of three of the murders mentioned, and of his high-born wife, Marguertie, who suffers right through to her fearful end, and of Jimmy, their sensitive son, who rises painfully through bloody days to the musical heights—for this tale, Miss Slater has used every stock character and situation, every cliché, political, medical, psychiatric, legal, and musical, in the books, including Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell.

The dialogue runs from the unnatural to the absurd: "This is not

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nice, monsieur . . . ," Marguerite says to Rocky when he makes a pass one minute after their first meeting, "I do not even know your name." Jimmy, down and out on a park bench, is confronted by a stranger: "Thompson held out a business card and Jim stared. 'Why, you're the president of the Star Music Publishing Company. You just returned one of my compositions.'" —EDWARD PARONE.

COMPLEX KING: The life of Philip II of Spain—his four marriages, his amours, his long struggle to beget an heir to the throne, his illnesses, his cruelties, and conflicts with his children—provides the material for Louis Zara's historical romance **"In the House of the King"** (Crown, $3). It all makes for lively reading. In addition the author has tried to explain some of Philip's less endearing qualities, such as what looks mighty like sadism, by providing him with a self-starting Oedipus complex. This explanation pops up with such annoying regularity that one might suspect that Mr. Zara had just stumbled across Freud. If you can disregard it, you'll find a story with enough dramatic ramifications to hold your interest. The secondary characters—in particular Don Carlos, and Philip's second wife, Mary of England —add plenty of color. The larger historical events are woven in skilfully, with the launching of the Spanish Armada against England providing a dramatic climax.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 489

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 489 will be found in the next issue.

H BHOAMRCF RK HEGHFK

LPCCPM CNHQ CNP LPKC

MPTHMCPP.

—LPQOHBRQ XRKMHPER

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 488

If misery loves company, misery has company enough.

—H. D. THOREAU.

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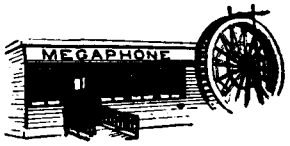

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"The outstanding work . . . of one of the South's best poets."—*Atlanta Journal.* Second Edition. $2.75

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 15*)

test the fairness or the unfairness of our criminal processes. Important and dramatic cases should be used with great caution as typical of behavior in our criminal court rooms.

The Old Bull

LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. Vols. V and VI. 2,579 pp. $20 the set.

By GEORGE E. MOWRY

"WHILE President I have *been* President, emphatically; I have used every ounce of power there was in the office," Theodore Roosevelt wrote to historian George Otto Trevelyan in 1908. He was President indeed. If these volumes, five and six, of the contemplated eight-volume set of the Roosevelt letters say anything about the twenty-fifth President's philosophy of government, they emphasize the fact that not since Andrew Jackson had a peacetime Chief Executive pushed the powers of the Presidency further toward the shadowy limits of the Constitution. As Elting Morison, editor of the volumes, points out in an exceptionally illuminating preface, Roosevelt had an almost mystical faith in power as such and in a powerful executive as the means to good government. The one effective safeguard needed beyond the existing absolute legal barriers to such power, the President felt, was its termination at the end of eight years. And according to Mr. Morison, Roosevelt had this precisely in mind when in 1908, still enamored of the office, he refused an almost certain third term.

Whatever limitations Roosevelt's theories had and have for a democratic community—and there are obviously many—the years from 1905 to 1909 offered a more than fair field for their full realization. The growing disgust of the public with Congressional unwillingness to attack the great problems of the day, its obvious impatience with a judiciary that looked steadily backward in a rapidly changing nation, the problems inherited from a newly acquired empire, and the increasing importance of foreign affairs as the United States found itself no longer insulated from the power politics of both Asia and Europe gave the chief executive a scope for action unparalleled since the Civil War. In Roosevelt the man met the times.

During his first Administration Roosevelt was never, one feels, quite the President he wanted to be. His accession to that office had been accidental, and then there was always the necessity of preserving enough support for renomination and reelection. But after the bubbling election returns of 1904 he was as much his own man as any President can be. The impact of his personality upon government is nowhere more clearly shown than in these two volumes. These were the years of the exciting struggles between the executive and Congress over railroad rate regulation, over Federal meat inspection, pure food legislation, and the conservation of the nation's natural resources.

They were also the years of the Portsmouth Treaty, of deepening Oriental involvement and growing conflict with Japan. Armed intervention in Cuba, which looked at times as if it might be permanent, and the forging of a comprehensive American Caribbean policy were also work of those days. At the Algeciras conference over Morocco the United States committed itself to unabashed intervention in European power politics. And as one authority has pointed out, practically all of these decisions, so meaningful for the American future, originated and were carried out by executive mandate without consent of Congress, and often against the prevailing opinion existing there. Throughout the struggles over "my policies," as Roosevelt repeatedly referred to them, the President was never far from the vortex of hot debate.

For Theodore Roosevelt was a thoroughly exceptional being both as a person and a President. His almost inhuman vitality, the amplitude of his interests, which almost rivaled Jefferson's in breadth at least, and an almost obsessive inclination to act or to pass judgment upon practically everything and everyone that came his way lends him an enduring attraction. Moreover, Theodore Roosevelt had the ability to put himself and his day-to-day life down on paper as have had few Presidents either before or after him. It is immaterial whether one agrees with his opinions about Roman society or Magyar love songs, with his criticisms of Milton or Jack London, or with his disquisitions on the hibernation of chipmunks, or the "milk-faced grub"-like qualities of a certain American Senator. The point is that he was a writer of letters which, though not couched in Wilson's polished phrases or carrying Jefferson's winged words, are literate, informed, warm, extremely human, at times terribly revealing, and still thoroughly engrossing. Can as much be said about letters of most American Presidents?

The editors have maintained the exceptionally high standards of editing which they set for themselves in the first four volumes of this series. The many useful notes, the illustrations, and especially the three short essays are equally consistent in quality.

—*Culver.*

Ex-President Roosevelt still a public figure—"the man met the times."

George E. Mowry, professor of American history at the University of California, wrote "Theodore Roosevelt and the Progressive Movement."

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Along with Wheat

THIS PLACE CALLED KANSAS. By Charles C. Howes. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 236 *pp.* $3.75.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

IT IS one of the anomalies of Midwest journalism that the most influential paper in Kansas is published in Missouri. The *Kansas City Star* has long been the most powerful single voice across the Kansas prairies, and the chief of that paper's Topeka bureau has been ex officio a man of immense influence on the state's politics and general psychology. For forty years Cecil Howes was that man; in his case the external powers of his position were matched by his understanding of the state, his pride in her, and his talent as a writer. Toward the close of his life he wrote much for the *Star* and *The Kansas Teacher* about the state's colorful past, and it is largely from these materials that his son, Charles Howes, has made this book.

It's a good book, a "must" for any reader interested in Americana. It's a fascinating book for Kansans, chockful of the heroes and rascals, the landscapes and motivating ideas, the myths and the often not-less-improbable truths which for sixty years made the state a focus of national interest and a creative force in national life. It is not a systematic treatise, and partly for that reason it is able to capture much of the turbulent mood in which earlier generations of Kansans fought the Civil War, fought the "liquor interests," led the way in railway and securities regulation, led the way in public health (largely through Dr. S. J. Crumbine of the State Board of Health), and in general—against drought and flood and grasshopper plague—defined a region of life-loving, idealistic, ruggedly individualistic people. Most of this information will be new even to most Kansans—and it may be that Mr. Howes's interesting presentation of it will help overcome that self-pity and excessive self-deprecation which is, as the author says in his introduction, so deplorable a trait in present-day residents of the state.

To this reviewer, however, there's possible significance in the fact that Mr. Howes's book deals scarcely at all with the Kansas of the last forty years, though his father's death occurred but a few years past. Aside from references to such matters as the struggle over the state's "bone dry" law, which continued into the late Forties, the author has little to say about the state since 1912. Could it be that Kansas ceased to be "interesting" at about that time? Could it be that, when the Bull Moose was slaughtered, a conformist mediocrity began to creep over so many portions of Kansas life (her journalism, her schools, her politics) as to make her seem no longer worth writing about? One wonders, as William Allen White wondered in the last years of his life. But the wondering need not detract from one's enjoyment of "This Place Called Kansas."

Kenneth S. Davis, of Kansas State College, is the author of the recently published novel, "Morning in Kansas."

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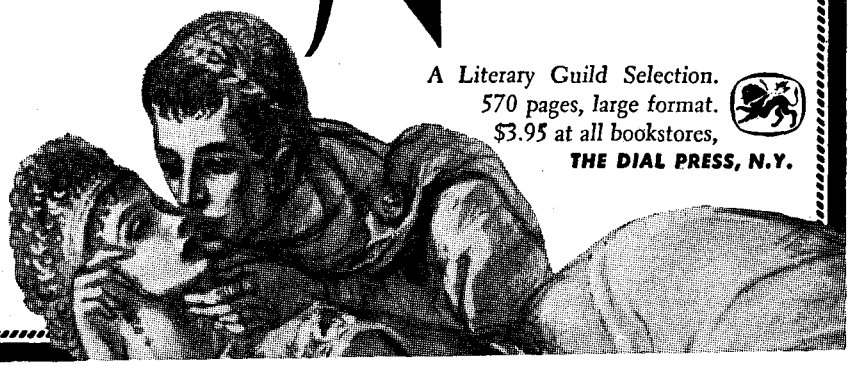

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Watch out!

CHICAGO MEDIUM RARE. By Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 347 pp. $3.50.

By Nelson Algren

OUT at Heinie Gebubler's saloon around the turn of the century the newcomer was given a mug slit just enough to let the beer spill down his shirt-front. If he spent a nickel at the "Motographoscope" in the corner to see "Fun at Vassar—Actual Motion," soot or water would spurt into his face from the viewing window. Vending machines delivered rubber gum. Washrooms were wired for shock and washbowls were collapsible. Soap was laced with lampblack and towels vanished into walls at a touch. Halfway up the stairs to the "Free Museum of Natural Wonders" the steps flattened out and slipped the sucker into the basement. If he didn't like it, some comedian at the door smashed in his derby with a slapstick.

For those of us who missed Chicago's good old days, there was also Dr. H. H. Holmes, whose gas-fired crematorium averaged perhaps a victim a week through 1893-94, the Iroquois Theatre disaster which accounted for 596, mostly women and children, in a single afternoon, and the sinking of the *Lady Elgin:*

Lost on the *Lady Elgin*
Sleeping to wake no more
Numbered in that three hundred
Who failed to make the shore.

This reader lost out on that one, but had luck enough to be around in time to see the *Eastland* on its side in the river. That one got over eight hundred of them.

There was also Bad-News Tillie, who publicly announced intent, while buying a bar of soap, to do her old man in. Only hours later he slipped on something in the tub and broke his skull. It would have been an open-and-shut case except that the bar he slipped on wasn't the one Tillie had bought. No score.

Murders solved and unsolved, croup and typhoid, freezing cable-cars, and a river so loaded with refuse it often caught fire, all helped make golden the old lost years that cannot come again. The odd lost lore of the old lost years is recalled here with tenderness sufficient to indicate that the golden time is any time that was long enough ago, that the rainbows of memory are forged out of forgetfulness, the glow that is always an after-glow.

And yet there *was* Joseph Thompson's Wonderful Lake View Airship, with a hydrogen generator made out of a whiskey barrel—"I fitted it up with valves and things. . . all I have to do when the ship is done is attach a hose right here to this valve. . . then turn that and fill her up." Thompson must have turned the wrong valve, for the Wonderful Lake View Airship blew up and landed the inventor, only slightly hurt, in the middle of the Lincoln Avenue cartracks.

On the night of January 21, 1895, the freight-and-passenger steamer *Chicora,* running east out of Milwaukee, disappeared without a trace. Not an overturned lifeboat, not a single cork ring, not a drifting plank or a scrap of debris was ever found, though cutters and tugs scoured the lake for days thereafter. Oscar Nelson, a son of a fireman on the vessel, set to work building a glass-bottomed tug in his backyard. "I'm going to find her," he decided. Nelson's boat was launched successfully, but was capsized by a squall five days later and no more trace of Nelson than of his father was ever found.

Robert Casey's accounts of Frederick Frueter's process for making diamonds out of coal, of Willie Adams's five-wheeled automobile, of the galloping fire-engines and the circus, the waffle-man and the lamplighter, the artists who carved cigar-store Indians, and the old transfer-stations all make amusing family reading. Old tales they are, some told before and some untold till now.

Nelson Algren is the author of "The Man with the Golden Arm" and other novels of Chicago life.

THE autumn flood of books has just begun to abate. Below we list some of the important books of general interest published this week which we do not have room to review in this issue. We hope to give most of them their due in early issues.

THE AGE OF PARADOX. By John W. Dodds. New York: Rinehart & Co. $6. A history of England from 1841 to 1851.

AMERICAN RUSSIAN RELATIONS, 1781-1947. By William A. Williams. New York: Rinehart & Co. $5. Historical outline and analysis of Russo-American relations.

THE BUILDER. By Philip Dorf. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. A biography of Ezra Cornell, who made his fortune in the telegraph industry and founded Cornell University.

THE CARDBOARD GIANTS. By Paul Hackett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. An autobiographical report on a "mind that found itself" during a year spent in a Veterans Administration Hospital.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. An analysis of international relations from the days of the Pharaohs and the Caesars, with a plea for world government.

DESPERATE WOMEN. By James D. Horan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. Brief biographies of thirteen nineteenth-century American bad women.

DOG IN THE SKY. By Norman Corwin. New York: Simon & Schuster. $2.95. A fantasy about a boy and his dog, an expansion of a well-received 1941 radio broadcast.

DR. JOHNSON'S LICHFIELD. By Mary Alden Hopkins. New York: Hastings House. $4. A portrait of the English town during the famous lexicographer's lifetime.

HUNTER. By J. A. Hunter. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. A veteran white hunter tells of his adventures during two decades in the service of the Kenya Game Control Department.

THE LETTERS OF EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. Edited by Allan Ross MacDougall. New York: Harper & Bros. $5. Letters to family, friends, and publishers by the distinguished poet, revealing much about herself and her work.

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL Vol III. By Kenneth P. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50. A detailed account of Grant's first year of command of the war in the West, ending on the eve of Vicksburg.

THE LUMBERYARD AND MRS. BARRIE. By Jane Barrie. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3. A spirited report by a young married woman who put her husband's ailing lumber yard on a sound basis.

THE MIGHTY LEAF. By Jerome E. Brooks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $5. A history of the raising and use of tobacco from the seventeenth century to the present.

A MIRROR FOR AMERICANS. Compiled and edited by Warren S. Tryon. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $14.50. Life and Manners in the United States 1790-1870 as Recorded by American Travelers.

MUSIC AND MAESTROS. By John K. Sherman. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. $3.75. A history of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH. By William Freeman. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.50. A biography of the contemporary of Boswell and Johnson.

THE PAINTER OF THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM. By Alice Ford. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $8.50. The life of the self-taught nineteenth-century Quaker painter Edward Hicks.

PLEASE EXCUSE JOHNNY. By Florence McGhee. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50. The adventures of a truant officer in California.

ROSE AND CROWN. By Sean O'Casey. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.75. The fifth in the autobiographical series by the well-known Irish playwright. This covers his first English years.

THE SATURDAY BOOK. Edited by John Hatfield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. Short stories, essays, poetry in this twelfth issue of a gift annual from Britain.

SEA FEVER. By A. H. Rasmussen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. An autobiographical account of adventures during the last years of the great age of sailing ships.

THE SHAPE OF SUNDAY. By Virginia Douglas Dawson and Betty Douglas Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A portrait of the popular novelist Lloyd C. Douglas, by his daughters.

STALIN. By Nikolaus Basseches. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50. A biography of the Russian dictator by the former Moscow correspondent of the *Vienna Freie Presse.*

STARS IN THE MAKING. By Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $4.25. The evolution of galaxies and the life cycles of the stars vividly described.

THE TAMING OF NATIONS: A Study of the Cultural Bases of International Policy. By F. S. C. Northrup. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5. A plea for international and intercultural cooperation and especially for better understanding of the East by the West.

THOMAS MIFFLIN AND THE POLITICS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Kenneth R. Rossman. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. $5. A biography of the Revolutionary War general and Governor of Pennsylvania.

WINTER IN LONDON. By Ivor Brown. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.50. Discursive talk about London streets and sights by a well-known English critic.

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Bigger or Better?

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN INDUSTRIAL GIANT: On New Year's Day 1800, Irénée du Pont, student of Lavoisier and friend of Jefferson, arrived in America. The company he founded two and a half years later now celebrates its 150th anniversary with the publication of a handsome pictorial history, **"Du Pont: Autobiography of an American Enterprise"** (Scribner's, $5). Although its central theme is the development of a gigantic nationwide corporation from a single powder-mill on Brandywine Creek, near Wilmington, Delaware, the book also depicts the transformation of a rural America largely occupied with internal problems into an industrial world power. Text and pictures show how Du Pont technology met needs of the nation as they appeared.

The book is not objective history; it is "autobiography." Without being obnoxious, it states the company's case for individual initiative unhampered by high taxes, and against "trial without jury" (as in the Nye Committee of the 1930's) and anti-trust actions concerned only with bigness. It argues that "invention and development, rather than the shrill voice of protest, were . . . the real architects of social reform." And it assumes implicitly that Du Pont's wonderful new world of nylon and plastics is richer and better than our gadgetless, homespun past.

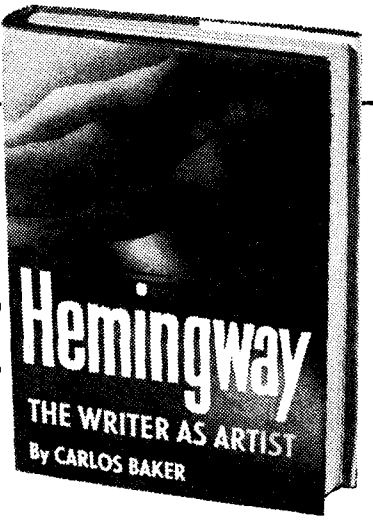
Yet, even if one quarrels with the big business view, he must admire the pictures, many in color—paintings, photographs, lithographs, maps, newspaper advertisements, and cartoons. From the nineteenth-century advertisement of a combination sofa and bath tub ("the common sense invention of the age") to the photo of Betty Grable auctioning her nylons in World War II, nearly all are good.

—J. Merton England.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Noyes: "The Barrel-Organ." 2. Fitzgerald: "The Rubiayat." 3. Macauley: "Horatius." 4. Longfellow: "Miles Standish." 5. Wordsworth: "The Solitary Reaper." 6. Scott: Marmion." 7. Poe: "The Raven." 8. Kipling: "Danny Deever." 9. Byron: "Childe Harold." 10. Browning: "My Last Duchess." 11. Arnold: "The Forsaken Merman." 12. Miller: "Columbus." 13. Field: "Little Boy Blue." 14. Coleridge: "Ancient Mariner." 15. Wolfe: "Burial of Sir John Moore." 16. Emerson: "Concord Hymn." 17. Southey: "Battle of Blenheim." 18. Tennyson: "The May Queen." 19. Gilbert: "Pinafore." 20. Shakespeare: "Henry VII."

That book about Hemingway



reveals more than has ever before been understood about the aims and motives of his art, and the meaning of his stories from the first apprentice work to *The Old Man and the Sea*. It is the first full-length critical portrait of the most famous and most frequently misinterpreted American writer of our time.

342 pages, including "A working checklist of Hemingway's Prose, Poetry, and Journalism—with Notes". $4.50

HEMINGWAY:

THE WRITER AS ARTIST

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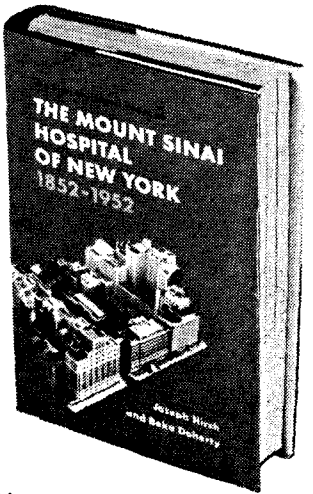
The Mount Sinai Hospital of New York

1852-1952



By JOSEPH HIRSH and BEKA DOHERTY. In the century since its meager beginnings, the Mount Sinai Hospital has grown into one of the most renowned institutions in the United States. This story of its evolution and rise to eminence is far more than the chronicle of a great hospital; it is an affirmation of humanitarianism, scientific skill, and public conscience.

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THE ROMAN BRAHMIN

(*Continued from page* 19)

self merely corrected the errors discovered in the proofs by Mr. Cory. Rather, Santayana insisted upon reading all the proofs himself, but required the more accurate and painstaking proofing by Mr. Cory to make sure that typographical errors might not be allowed to slip through.

With proofsheets of the last chapters of "Dominations and Powers" lying on a near-by table, it was only natural that our conversation should turn to this, Santayana's last book. As, indeed, Santayana relates in the book itself, he reminded me of the fact that he had been engaged on the writing of this particular book over a period of nearly forty years, having begun to put down thoughts on the general subjects of "liberty," "society," and "government" as early as the years preceding World War I. At the same time, he claimed that, for the past few years, he had been quite carefully revising all of the material which finally had gone into the book; so that the book, as he was now proof-reading it, actually contained his present and therefore most mature reflections on those subjects. "Dominations and Powers," he felt sure, would be his "last" book. His first literary effort, he recalled, a small volume of poems, had netted him $1.87. The publisher of it had had to close shop—whether this was a matter of cause and effect, Santayana did not reveal.

Our conversation shifted to personal matters. Santayana volunteered the information that, whereas in years past he used to walk down the cobblestone hill from the convent hospital fairly regularly, he now seldom even so much as left his room. His meals were brought to him in his room. When he first had arrived in the hospital, he related with real glee in eye and voice, he had tried for a day or two to take his meals in the dining-room of the hospital; but he had found the atmosphere much too gloomy—"too many old people . . . too funereal"—so that he had started at once to have his meals in his rooms.

With a sudden change of topic Santayana turned to my wife with the question: "How do you find Rome?" When she replied that we were rather startled by the chalk-inscriptions on all of Rome's bridges bearing such legends as "Down with Truman," "We want peace," and notices of Communist rallies, Santayana replied: "I suppose you are wondering whether the world is going Communist." "Russia," he began, "is trying its best to distract the United States in the Far East. As a consequence of this fact America is pouring its money out there, while the Communists are, in the meantime, preparing to strike in Europe. Italy itself is in a very bad position. It cannot rally quickly enough in terms of its internal economy to wage a sufficiently successful fight against the continuous Communist propaganda. Nor could it muster enough military strength to be able successfully to meet an armed attack from the outside. Nevertheless, if the Communists were to take over this country, including this hospital—a religious institution on sacred ground—I would not be afraid. After all, I am an old man now; in fact, I am now eighty-seven [the day of our visit marked, in fact, his eighty-seventh birthday]. I cannot travel alone. I should say to them: Give me a painless death and I shall be happy."

THAT reply, however, did not satisfy us. Madelon rejoined: "But what if you were a young man again and faced with the present world situation?" His reply was typically Santayanayan: "If I were forced to live under a Communist regime I would write but not publish. After all, I would not be the first philosopher to publish my best works posthumously," he chuckled. (As a matter of fact, he had confided to me during an earlier visit that he would probably permit the posthumous publication of a collection of "Poems" as well as of some "Hellenistic Plays," both for the most part written in the late nineteenth century. But I doubt that he had these in mind when he referred in the above sentence to his "best works.") Without further questioning Santayana went on to say that he tried fairly carefully to keep abreast of world news and found the *Osservatore Romano* by all odds the most reliable newspaper in Rome, "much more reliable, in fact, than most American newspapers."

When we next told him that some Americans were now advocating the use of the A-bomb to end the Korean War, we got a reply such as one could only get from Santayana. "I am no moralist," he insisted. "I do not judge. I think a nation has a right to anything it may think necessary."

When we replied that A-bombs, after all, kill innocent women and children as well as hit direct military targets, and that, therefore, the use of this weapon might imply some added moral responsibility on the part of the user, Santayana came back with: "Yes, I have read John Hersey's 'Hiroshima.' Hiroshima and Nagasaki were disasters, no doubt. But so is the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius a disaster."

At about this point a bustling Sister came in, fixed his pillows, and remarked that "Dr. Santayana has an astounding memory for history." This drew another shaft from the old philosopher. "Oh yes," he remarked, "I remember very well what happened 800 years ago; it's what occurred an hour ago that I forget." Then, as the Sister had left the room, he continued: "The Sisters are very good to me. The trouble is they insist on praying for me. I tell them it is no use their praying that I shall go to heaven. At the same time, they obviously can't pray for me to go to hell. So I tell them, 'Pray for me to go to Limbo'."

As it was getting to be supper time, we started to leave, expressing the hope that, on our return from India next summer, we hoped to see him again on our way through Rome. "If I am alive," he replied and smiled.

As a matter of fact, he *was* alive when, on June 24, 1951, I again wended my way up the cobblestone hill. But he had been severely ill, and, at the time I came to see him, his physician had forbidden him to see any visitors. Although even in far-away India I had, of course, learned of his illness, I still could not imagine my being in Rome without paying my respects to Santayana. As I asked at the information desk to see him, I was immediately rebuffed with a categorical: "Dr. Santayana can see no visitors." So I pulled out a card and asked the Sister kindly to give at least my card to Santayana, so he would know that I had been here and inquired into his

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health. The Sister finally said, "Wait a moment," and disappeared. In less than two minutes she was back, saying: "You may go back to Professor Santayana's room; just knock on the door and walk in."

Santayana received me with his customary cordiality, although, for the first time, he did not come to the door to receive me. At the same time, he was not in bed, but sitting—dressed in the same dressing-gown which he had worn on the occasion of all my visits during the past five years—in his chaise longue. He did appear to be a bit more haggard and thin than he had been in December; but otherwise he seemed to be none the worse for his long siege of severe illness. In fact, intellectually and spiritually he appeared indestructible even now. With his customary vigor he wanted to know all about India and our experiences there. India, he confided, had always fascinated him, for—as he had stated in the Preface to his "Realm of Spirit"—"the Indians and the mystics are inspired people."

Some time before, when the second edition of "The Philosophy of George Santayana" was being prepared for publication, I had asked Santayana to add a few pages either to his "General Confession" or to his "Apologia." After having considered the request for a brief moment, he refused, saying that "there really is nothing to add; I have had several years [ten, in fact] time to consider what I wrote in both of those pieces; and I feel that I have already said there everything I needed or wanted to say."

We, finally, got around to discussing the reception his recently published "Dominations and Powers" was getting. He complained that many English and American reviewers simply were, to quote him precisely, "incapable of rising above their own prejudices or above the smoke of momentary battle lines to be able to appreciate a dissertation on politics and government which was written above all the noise and fury of the times, and which tries to deal dispassionately with fundamentals in these areas." As for Italy itself, the publication of the volume had, thus far, not even been noticed there.

This latter remark reminded me forcefully of my first visit with Santayana in the Little Company of Mary hospital years before. As I had come up to the gate of Rotundo VI in the Via di Santo Stefano, I asked the gatekeeper to direct me to Professor Santayana. He told me: "No such person lives here." When I asked him whether this was not the Little Company of Mary hospital entrance, he said it was. When, thereupon, I tried to argue with him about Santayana's living there, he became quite impatient and informed me that he had been gatekeeper there for many years and that, during all those years, no person with such a name had ever lived there. But I refused to leave until he had at least called the hospital office from his gatehouse telephone and made specific inquiry. As he returned—more or less shamefacedly—he merely said: "Go on in, they will direct you at the information desk." Having denied that Santayana lived there, he still was unwilling to admit his ignorance, although it was, of course, perfectly clear by now that Santayana's presence in the hospital had certainly been nothing of any particular moment. "A prophet is worth nothing in his own country." When I related the story to Santayana, he merely chuckled and quoted the Scriptural lines.

I had told the Sister who had finally admitted me that I would not stay over ten minutes or fifteen at the outside. But every time I got up to leave Santayana would beg me to stay. So it was that when I finally did get away I had spent almost two hours, the last two hours I was ever to have with him. But he informed me that, in spite of the serious illness of early spring, he was back at his old routine of working several hours every morning until lunch time, although he added that, "on the whole, my work is done, and I have really nothing new or significant to add to it."

Paean

By Carleton Drewry

PRAISE be to life that I was born.
Thanks to this thicket and its thorn,
This wilderness where I was bred,
These thistles whereby I am bled,
And so made fellow. Thanks again
For all this keenness miscalled pain,
And all the old menace can contrive
To whet me, keep me man alive.

Thanks for the threat of dying, praise
To the nervous danger of my days.
Thanks for this little role made mine
That locks me into life's design,
For that poor part within the plan
I played as child, enact as man.
Praise be to life for mortal hurt.
Blessed be the death-dissolving dirt.

And if in anger I protest
Such treatment of a transient guest,
Break in rebellion and commence
To maledict beneficence,
Still let life's benefaction be
Upon this malefactor, me.

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THE CULT OF UNINTELLIGIBILITY

(*Continued from page* 10)

trap and soddenment, three to a loaf, our mutual friends the fender and the bottle at the gate seem to be implicitly in the same bateau so to ringen, bearing also several of the earmarks of design."

8. "No history of a family to close with those and close. Never shall he be alone to be alone to be alone to be alone to be alone to lend a hand and leave it left and wasted."

Why link Stein and the later Joyce? Because their methods have been at base the same, a deliberate confusion of thought which has been worse than their confusion of language; because their effect on the public mind has been likewise identical, the creation of the sorry cult where incoherence passes for greatness.

Now let us see what the students at those universities giving courses in the work of Joyce and Stein would learn if they faithfully followed the examples of their masters. It is fortunate that Miss Stein has left for posterity a volume of many pages which tells her method in explicit detail so that her devotees may fall into no error. The book is called "How to Write." I quote a typical passage:

> A sentence is proper if they have more than they could. They could. Without leaving it. A sentence makes not it told but it hold. A hold is where they put things. Now what is a sentence. A sentence hopes that you are very well and happy. It is very selfish. They hate to be taken away. The minute you disperse a crowd you have a sentence. There were witnesses to it even if you did not stop. There there is no paragraph. If it had a different father it would have.

To aid the student and make things clearer the book is divided into sections with headings such as Regular Regularly in Narrative, Arthur a Grammar, Formally George a Vocabularly.

How does it come about that in America a large number of seemingly cultured men and women, including teachers in a few of our foremost universities, should be fooled so easily by literary charlatans whose writing cannot be readily distinguished from the pathetic scribbling of the mentally ill? How does it happen that a forgotten work by one of these authors will be reissued as though the publisher were conferring some priceless boon on humanity, or an opera by the other is revived with almost religious fanfare, to be attended by devotees as though they were entering a sacred cathedral? The answer, again, is our insecurity, the fact that culturally we are still in our swaddling clothes. We accept frauds at their own valuation, just as some Hollywood producers believe their own publicity.

It arises from the same national characteristic that has made certain parts of America a lost Atlantis of strange religions, where pseudo-philosophical beliefs cast off in other parts of the world can drift ashore and flourish. What is more logical than that the same minds which embrace some new absurd prophet whose breakfast companion is an elephant and who speaks only through messages written on gold leaf handed out from an ivory coffin should glory in mysterious words only the anointed can understand? I once wrote a Southern novel containing a character created from my imagination called the New Moses. To my astonishment a year or so later I found that my fictional creation had become the foundation of a new primitive religion. In the final analysis there is little difference between the disciples of these literary "talkers in tongues" and the Holy Rollers with whom I am familiar in the depths of the Mississippi swamps.

FORTUNATELY, there are signs that the madness is abating. In art there are those who declare that the apostles of the incomprehensible control modern painting. I believe I can report that in writing the truth is now the contrary. The influence of the practitioners of the incomprehensible is definitely on the wane. Yet their followers are still to be found in many strategic strongholds; like the lurking germs of yellow fever, they must be constantly fought and sprayed with violent chemicals lest the microbes develop again and start a new infection.

The time is not far off when the worship of the unintelligible by supposedly educated men and women will be universally regarded as absurd as we regard those scholastics in the Middle Ages who calculated with infinite preciseness how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. For education is a variable term, as anyone who has strayed from college halls can witness.

I was in the Deep South not long ago, talking to a rustic storekeeper about a neighbor. "He's a fine educated man," said the merchant. "He's a wonderful educated man. He's read every comic book there is."

I think the solution is to apply my friend's educational standard in other quarters, and let the sacred writings of these gods of nonsense become the comic books of twentieth-century literature.

Answer to Quiz

(*See page* 10)

1. From the letter of a patient with a mental disease known as schizophrenia (quoted in "The Human Mind," by Karl A. Menninger).
2. From the efforts of a man to write a letter who had had a stroke of apoplexy, involving the writing center of the brain—verbigeration (quoted in "The Human Mind," by Karl A. Menninger).
3. "Lucy Church Amiably," by Gertrude Stein.
4. "Finnegans Wake," by James Joyce.
5. "Finnegans Wake," by James Joyce.
6. Another type also due to brain injury, the rest of the mental faculties being unimpaired (quoted in "The Human Mind," by Karl A. Menninger).
7. "Finnegans Wake," by James Joyce.
8. Introduction to "Lucy Church Amiably," by Gertrude Stein.

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NEW EDITIONS

SAMUEL Eliot Morison's new edition of William Bradford's "Of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1647," (Knopf, $6) is an expertly edited, extremely attractive volume. "My principle in preparing this text," writes Professor Morison in his preface, "is to spell out all contractions and abbreviations in the manuscript, to adopt modern usage as to capitalization, punctuation, and spelling, but *scrupulously to respect Bradford's language.*" A few readers may think that it would have been better to reproduce the manuscript exactly as Bradford wrote it during his leisure moments over a period of twenty years, but the "wider public" at which this edition has been aimed will be grateful for "a text which the ordinary intelligent reader can peruse with ease and pleasure"; and will be grateful, too, for Professor Morison's excellent introduction (but Max Beerbohm is not yet "late") and useful notes.

That the widest possible American public should be acquainted with Bradford's story of how a small band of English separatists became the Pilgrim Fathers, and survived the trials and terrors of "a hideous and desolate wilderness," is certainly beyond question; for as Moses Coit Taylor has declared: "William Bradford, of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, deserves the preëminence of being called the father of American history." It should be added that he is a worthy father. Not only is he "calm, just, and authentic"—there are some, like Charles M. Andrews, who have called him unjust—he is also vigorous in his style, and on occasion master of a highly pictorial prose. His account of the struggles of the Pilgrims against starvation and disease, their relations with the Indians and the London merchant adventurers, their experiments in self-government, and their dealings with the trouble-makers in their midst, is a lively, absorbing narrative. The Pilgrim achievement was made possible by a steadfast purpose and the communal effort of a hard core of true believers, but Plymouth Plantation was no community of saints; it was the scene of bitter disputes and violent factionalism. (We must remember that of the *Mayflower's* 101 passengers there were sixty-five of whom nearly all, in the words of Professor Andrews, were probably "strangers to the Leyden people, not Separatists at all, but persons sent over by Weston and the merchant adventurers to work and not to pray.") And there was also wanton wickedness in Plymouth, e.g. young Thomas Granger's confessed behavior with "a mare, a cow, two goats, five sheep, two calves, and a turkey." Bradford set it all down, the black with the white, in a unique and priceless record.

FROM Knopf there also comes a large volume of more than a thousand pages that will prove invaluable to anyone who is interested in the history and the political mechanisms of the United States. This is the second edition of "A Grammar of American Politics" ($8), by Wilfred E. Binkley and Malcolm C. Moos, which has been enlarged beyond the Federal bounds of the first edition to include sixteen new chapters on State and local government. The authors trace the histories of our Governmental institutions of all kinds, describe the anatomy of each, explain what they are in theory, and tell how they have worked in practice. The mass of information that Professors Binkley and Moos stand ready to communicate is enormous; they succeed in being entertaining as well as instructive, for a sense of humor pervades their work; and they are unfailingly realistic. Here are the facts of life regarding American politics, regarding the operations of American democracy on Federal, state, and local levels, and in the international field. Here are facts that Americans should study and understand.

Now that Barnes & Noble have reissued Sir J. A. R. Marriott's "A History of Europe, 1815-1939" ($6), all but one of the eight volumes of Methuen's "History of Europe" are available. In this volume the author deals with an embarrassing wealth of material, but he meets the challenge with knowledge, skill, and the courage of his opinions. The revised edition of Kenneth Scott Latourette's "A Short History of the Far East" (Macmillan, $7) is the best book in its field that I have read. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

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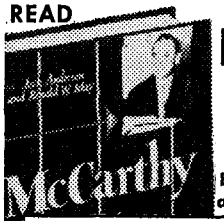

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SR's World Calendar

Aruba

HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION *(Dec. 12-18, Oranjestad)*: Displays of baskets, leather goods, needlework, dolls, woodcarving, paintings—all made locally.

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 12-15, Oranjestad)*: Annual celebration climaxed by parade on Feb. 14 and 15.

Austria

SKIING *(Dec. 7, Innsbruck-Seegrube)*: Season opens.

ICE HOCKEY *(Dec. 23-26, Kitzbuhel)*: International tournament.

INTERNATIONAL SKI MEETS: *(Innsbruck, Jan. 6; Bischofshofen, Salzburg, Jan. 11; Hahnenkamm Race, Kitzbuhel, Tyrol, Jan. 17, 18; Austrian championships, Innsbruck, Feb. 11-15; Ski Flying Week, Kulm near Mitterndorf, Feb. 27-March 3.)*

MASKED PROCESSIONS *(Jan. 5, 6, Badgastein): Annual party called "Perchtenlaufen."**

FANCY DRESS BALLS *(Jan. 31; Feb. 2, 14, Vienna)*.

Bermuda

FISHING *(Dec. 1-March 31)*: Prizes for catching largest bonefish, Bermuda chub.

SOCCER *(Thursdays, 3 P. M., Bermuda Athletic Assn. Field)*.

GOMBEY DANCERS *(Dec. 26)*: Performances by native dancers at larger hotels.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH CUP *(Yacht race staged Thursday, Jan. 15-April 2)*.

Britain

STEEPLECHASE *(Dec. 3, 4, Aintree, Liverpool)*.

CONCERTS: *(Royal Albert Hall, London, Dec. 6; Jan. 9, 10. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London, Dec. 2, 5, 7, 9, 11, 18; Jan. 25.)*

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(Dec. 19-Jan. 31, London)*: British version of the "big top" at Olympia.

CHELSEA ARTS BALL *(Dec. 31, London)*: Yearly celebration at Royal Albert Hall.

TOY FAIR *(Jan. 12-16, Harrowgate, Yorkshire)*: Exhibition of playthings, fancy goods.

Cuba

CONCERTS *(Havana)*: Free concerts by the Army Band in the National Amphitheatre, Sundays, 8:30 P.M. Programs by Philharmonic Orchestra of Havana on Dec. 7, 21; Jan. 4, 18; Feb. 1, 15.

CARNIVAL *(Havana)*: Complete program, list of dates of parades not ready. Celebration usually takes place from mid-February into March.

Dominican Republic

THREE KINGS' EVE *(Jan. 5, Trujillo City)*: Parade of the Three Kings of Biblical tradition. They are supposed to bring toys to children, as Santa Claus does on Christmas in the U. S.

ST. ALTAGRACIA'S DAY *(Jan. 21, Higuey)*: Pilgrimage to the national shrine where the saint is said to have appeared. Thousands of the faithful seek her blessing.

DUARTE'S DAY *(Jan. 26, nationwide)*: Tribute to hero of War of Independence.

INDEPENDENCE DAY *(Feb. 27, nationwide)*: Parade of floats, crowning of queen, carnival. Some celebrants in costume.

HORSE RACES *(At Auteuil, near Paris, Prix d'Angers, Dec. 7. At Vincennes: Prix de Vincennes, Dec. 28; Prix d'Amerique, Jan. 18; Prix de Paris, Feb. 8.)*

FAIR *(Dec. 7-23, Strasbourg)*: Annual Christmas Show.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 8, Lourdes)*: The Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

MIDNIGHT MASS *(Dec. 24, Les Baux)*: Religious service in an ancient church.

SKI MEETS: *(Jan. 31, Feb. 1, Megeve: Feb. 21, 22, Chamonix.)*

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 5-19, Nice)*: Battle of Flowers a highlight.

Grenada

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 16, 17, St. George's)*: Native music, dances, parade. High point of winter season.

Italy

PIGEON SHOOTING *(Dec. 1-8, San Reno)*: International contest; prizes worth fifteen million lire (about $25,000).

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 17, Orvieto and Viareggio)*: Annual pre-Lenten celebration; famous parade at Viareggio.

MARCH OF PENITENTI *(Feb. 18, Rome)*: Procession of hooded figures part of religious observance.

Latin America

FIESTA OF ST. THOMAS *(Dec. 18-21, Chichicastenango, Guatemala)*.

FESTIVAL OF CHALMA *(Jan. 1-7, near Cuernavaca, Mexico)*.

EPIPHANY *(Jan. 6, Cuzco, Peru)*: Best of ancient morality plays at church of San Blas.

FAIR *(Jan. 24-26, La Paz, Bolivia)*: Celebration in city's main square salutes god of prosperity.

CARNIVALS *(Feb. 12-17, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay.)**

Monaco

DISPLAY OF ART *(December)*: Works of Leonardo da Vinci exhibited.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS *(Dec. 27-Jan. 7; Jan. 12-18; Jan. 20-25; Feb. 15-20; 25-30.)*

XXIII AUTO RALLYE *(Jan. 20-27)*.

OPERA *(Feb. 1-April 7)*: Performances in French, German, Italian semi-weekly.*

Nassau

BOXING DAY *(Dec. 26)*: Colorful Junkanon pageant on Bay Street at dawn. Same type of celebration repeated on New Year's Day.

Norway

CONCERTS *(Jan. 15, 16, 23, 29, 30; Feb. 6, 12, 13, 20, 26, 27; March 5, 12, 13, 28, Oslo.)*

WINTER SPORTS: *(Feb. 14, 15, Lillehammer, women's world speed-skating championships; Feb. 14, 15, Botne, ski championship for juniors; Feb. 15, Oslo, 50 km. cross-country race; Feb. 21, 22, Norefjell, Holmenkollen competition; Feb. 24, 26, 28 and March 1, Oslo.)**

Panama

MOTHER'S DAY *(Dec. 8)*: Mothers honored on day of Immaculate Conception. Religious processions in many places.

GOLF *(Jan. 15-18, Panama City)*: International tournament.

SAN SEBASTIAN DAY *(Jan. 20)*: Parades, folk dancing.

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 14-17)*: Pre-Lenten parties, dancing in the streets.

Puerto Rico

LA IMMACULADA CONCEPCION DE MARIA *(Dec. 8, Guayanilla, Humacao, Juncos, Las Marias, Las Piedras, Vega Alta)*: Religious processions, horse races, dancing.

GUADALUPE DAY *(Dec. 12, Ponce)*: Feast of the patron saint of the city.

LOTTERY DRAWING *(Dec. 21, San Juan)*: First prize in Government lottery estimated at $300,000.

FISHING CONTEST *(Jan. 17-May 17, islandwide)*: Second annual event of its kind.

FEAST DAY *(Feb. 2, Coamo, Lajas, Mayaguez)*: Torch light parades usually honor the Virgen de la Candelaria.

St. Lucia

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 16, 17, Castries)*: Contest to select fiesta queen. Dances at all clubs both nights, with steel band music. Celebration, Victoria Park.

St. Vincent

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 16, 17, Kingstown)*: Annual "farewell to the flesh." Calypso music.

Spain

FIESTA *(Dec. 8, Torrejoncillo)*: Sheet-shrouded horsemen parade with statue of the Virgin.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Dec. 12, Guadalupe)*: Honors Our Lady of Guadalupe.

SACRED MUSIC CONCERT *(Dec. 24, Montserrat)*: Famous for music by boys' choir.*

KING'S DAY *(Jan. 6, Aledo)*: Dramatization of "Three Wise Men from the East."

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Jan. 20, Pollensa)*: Presentation of "L'Estandart" and "Els Carallets."

SACRED DRAMA *(Feb. 22, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, and Holy Week, March 29-April 5, at Cervera, Molins de Rey, Esparraguera, Olesa de Monteserrat.)**

Switzerland

PROCESSIONS *(Dec. 6, Weggis, Zurich)*: Traditional salute to St. Nicholas.

350th ANNIVERSARY *Dec. 11, 12, Geneva)*: Annual "Escalade" recalls victory of Swiss over Savoyards.*

FOLK FESTIVAL *(Dec. 30, Pontresina)*: Celebrants wear colorful local costumes.

SPENGLER CUP CONTEST *(Dec. 27-31, Davos)*: International ice hockey tournament.

SKI MEETS: *(Jan. 9-11, Wengen and Grindewald; Feb. 14, 15, St. Moritz; Feb. 22.)*

HORSE RACE *(Jan. 14, 18, Arosa)*: Contests on snow covered track.

CURLING CONTESTS *(Jan. 19-22, Engelberg; Jan. 23-25, Wengen.)*

ICE SKATING TITLE MEETS *(Jan. 24, 25, Davos, Swiss speed contest; Feb. 8-15, Davos, world figure-skating competition.*)*

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 12, 16, 17, Lucerne)*: Costumed processions, folk dancing.*

Trinidad and Tobago

HORSE RACING: Christmas meet, Dec. 26, 27; Jan. 1, 3; Queen's Park, Savannah. Easter meet, Apr. 4, 6, 11, 18, Union Park, San Fernando.

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 16, 17, Trinidad)*: One of the world's more exotic celebrations.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT *(Feb. 21, Trinidad)*: Inauguration of 1953 Open.

—Robert Meyer, Jr.

Further information may be obtained by writing World Calendar, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

OVER THE TOP

SOME time this month a DC-6B of Scandinavian Airlines System will roll down the runway at Los Angeles, circle the Southern California palmlands, and head north. Seventeen hours later it is scheduled to land in Copenhagen, having flown by way of Edmonton, Alberta, and Thule, Greenland.

The flight will be a test of a new airline route to bring Europe within easy reach of the West Coast of the United States, by way of the Arctic Circle. Movie moguls and movie stars and just plain Western tourists bound for Europe will be able to lop 1,600 miles off the California-to-the-Continent route which lies now by way of New York. With fares figured on mileages, the saving is going to be considerable. More than that, the routing seems destined to make the trip an exciting adventure. The airplane traveler bound between such ordinary centers as Paris and New York has found himself, in recent years, landing where he least expected—at Shannon, Ireland; in Iceland; in the Azores; at Goose Bay, Labrador; and Gander, Newfoundland. For the first time he will fly, in the normal course of things, over the top of the world, across the Arctic Circle.

Even for so short a stay as a refueling stop, the flying tourist can manage to sop up some of the flavor of a land in an hour's time. Shannon has been the darling of the North Atlantic run, capitalizing upon its geographical location in the air age by operating as interesting an airport as there is in the world. Bored by the long jump from North America, the passenger can buy a set of Irish coins at 4 a.m., warm his cockles with a jug of Irish coffee loaded with Irish whisky on bottom and crowned with Irish whipped cream on top. He can also buy liquor at incredible prices and shop for local linens.

In Iceland you swop coins with the G.I.s, all except the five aura piece which fits nicely in the quarter slot of the newfangled Coke machine—delivering one bottle and twenty cents change. In the Azores you buy little filigree pins in the shape of the Santa Maria and puzzle at the signs in Portuguese.

Thule, the key refueling stop on the west coast of Greenland, is on the brink of international notoriety and I hope it knows it. Should it choose to take on a mien of all work and no imagination it will emerge as a second Gander. But should it draw on the color of the country Greenland will become as popular as it is now unknown.

Somebody has figured out that Greenland from north to south is as long as the distance from London to the middle of the Sahara. It is, however, somewhat colder, and there are places where the ice is 3,000 feet thick, a surface over which even the most skittish pessimist would have no hesitation in flying the red ball. The Arctic Circle runs rings around Greenland resulting in a four months' summer stretch of Midnight Sun in the north and hardly a glimmer of daylight for four months in winter.

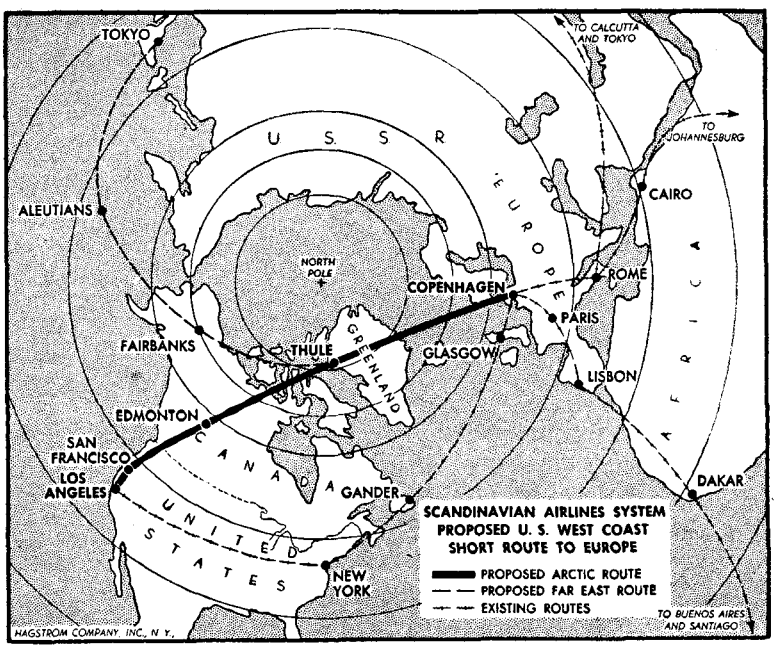
In the south there are cranberries, crowberries, and cowberries in the fields, and the ptarmigan is so plentiful it may not only be shot but stoned with some facility. Greenlanders like to hunt seals by sneaking along the tundra behind white screens that also function as gun rests. Bear also finds its way into the hunter's gunsight, and the men of Thule are considered the land's best bear trackers and also the best sled drivers.

Whales sail the coastline of Greenland; *matak* is the word for whale meat. In the snow fields there are Arctic hare, white as snowmen. From the hides of the strange animals of the north, the women fashion a sort of skin embroidery for costumes that will doubtless be appearing on the counters at the Thule Airport. The men make dance masks of wood and ivory and tool-boxes of driftwood decorated with figures carved from bone. Sealskin is great for pillows, and there are the fancy native costumes which have grown to some notoriety since the King and Queen of Denmark appeared in them this summer.

There are some 18,000 Greenlanders, people of Eskimo origin. Their country is four times bigger than France. They speak the Eskimo language, a tongue in which sentences are merely many words sewn together in one. For instance, if a Greenlander wants to tell another Greenlander "you should have sent word long ago," he just tosses one word out of the corner of his mouth, in this case, *nalunaeriartorasuarniasagaiuaravit.*

SINCE the bare white world of the Eskimo has had little concern with big numbers, Eskimos until recently were only bothered with digits up to twenty. Anything over twenty was always referred to as "many." Nowadays, Greenlanders use their own numbers up to ten and Danish numbers thereafter. The time saving is incalculable, for a Dane saying 1951 says *nittenhundrede og een og halvtreds,* but a Greenlander would have to go through *arfersanek sisamanik untritgdlit tatlimanik kuligdlit atauserdlo.*

The Scandinavians feel that it is only fitting and proper that they should be pioneering the commercial air routes across the Arctic Circle, considering the part played in exploration of the icelands by northcountrymen. A Swede named Salomon August Andree first flew from Spitsbergen in 1897 in a drift balloon, but was lost. The Norwegian Roald Amundsen, after some harrowing experiences, is credited with flying over the North Pole with Lincoln Ellsworth in 1926. But Admiral Byrd and Floyd Bennett accomplished the



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first pole crossing earlier the same year. Amundsen was later lost in a search for General Umberto Nobile, who had been making polar flights in a dirigible when he disappeared in 1928.

That old Swede with the spade beard, Gen. Italo Balbo, flew across the polar regions from Italy to Chicago in 1933, Lindbergh flew from Greenland to Russia the same year, and there have been all sorts of flights and all kinds of interest evidenced by the Russians ever since.

Aside from its flights from the West Coast to Copenhagen, SAS is also planning another leg from Denmark to Tokyo by way of Thule and Fairbanks, Alaska. "With our present Far East route from Europe to Tokyo through Southeast Asia connecting to this leg, we shall be the first truly round-the-world airline," an official has said. There has been no word yet from Pan American, which already considers itself a globe girdler.

Transpolar commercial aviation has been held back by the lack of proper weather information. A few weeks ago, however, the U.S. Air Force, the crafty ones, revealed that they had been knocking together a giant air base at Thule, and after conquering such inconveniences as extreme boredom, four-month nights, and minus-sixty degree temperatures had whipped the place into working order. Commercial planes could now count on the elaborate meteorological mechanizations of the Air Force. For Californians eyeing Europe, the route from the palms would henceforth lie by way of the Pole. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELER'S TALES

FOOTLOOSE CHARACTERS: The eighteenth century, for some reason, was a time when "originals"—we would call them "characters"—flourished. Warren Hunting Smith has traced the careers of a motley collection of them in eight separate essays in a book called **"Originals Abroad: The Foreign Careers of Some Eighteenth Century Britons"** (Yale, $3). They are all unimportant people, but as their outlines emerge in these lucid sketches they are not at all uninteresting ones. To introduce the collection there is a brief glimpse of a parvenu Englishman in Italy who found himself the victim of insular snobbery, and to close it a longer, fuller treatment of a dilettante who found some contentment there. Between these two originals, we see an amusing scatterbrained consul's wife, two titled ladies of rather frantic amorous careers, a pair of opportunistic brothers, an absurd conspiracy hatched in Italy to capture Bengal, and a Catholic family's flight from and then back to England. Unpretentious, written with neat grace, these sketches are severely factual, with their pedigree documentation at the back of the book. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

PARADISE FOR A FEW: The Tropic of Capricorn cuts across southern Africa and the island of Madagascar. Northeast of Madagascar lies a chain of islands which rise from shallows which are themselves mountains in the great valley of the Indian Ocean. The islands and the banks on which they stand provide a title for F. D. Ommaney's **"The Shoals of Capricorn"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4). Despite its romantic title, his book is the literary by-product of a two-year series of expeditions aboard a grubby little drifter whose job was to make a survey of commercial fishing possibilities on those banks. The author, while he was catching, measuring, and classifying swarms of fish, became fascinated with the islands around which his craft worked, with their many-hued human inhabitants, and with their histories of slavery, war, and piracy.

Although he gives us passages of the poetically intense description of life in and on the sea that we have come to expect of books of this kind, Mr. Ommaney is at his best in his caustic observations of human life in the colonial islands of Mauritius and the Seychelles. Here retired English colonials squabble with the intransigent French, who still resent the British rule that descended on them after the Napoleonic wars, while at the bottom of society live the Negro ex-

Records from the Caribbean

THIS feature, originally intended for inclusion in *SR*'s Caribbean Closeup (October 18) was dropped from that issue because of space limitations and is printed now as a supplement to our Caribbean coverage.

GENERAL

CARIBBEAN HOLIDAY. Theme LP TT-2204, $3.85. West Indies dance music, including rumbas, sambas, tangos played by the Conliffe ensemble.

CUBA

FAVORITAS DE SONORA MATANCERA. Seeco LP 14, $3.15. Eight selections by one of the better conjuntos, including mambos, boleros, guarachas.

PEREZ PRADO PLAYS MUCHO MAMBO. RCA Victor LPM-21, $2.62. Six big-band mambos by the most popular exponent.

CULT MUSIC OF CUBA. Folkways LP P-410, $5.95. Music of the Abakwa, Lucumi, and Djuka cults.

SENORA and YO SE QUE SERA. RCA Victor 23-5611, 89¢. A bolero and a guaracha by the Conjunto Nelo Sosa.

RITMO AFRO-CUBANO. SMC 2517/8, $1.05 each. Chano Pozo with rhythm orchestra.

PUERTO RICO

TIERRA BORINCANA and LA PELA DE JUANA. RCA Victor 23-5135, 89¢. A plena and a meringue by "Canario" with conjunto.

TENER QUE IR A LA GUERRA. RCA Victor 23-5249, 89¢. An aquinaldo by the Manuel Jimenez ensemble.

PORQUE DUDAS. RCA Victor 23-0056, 89¢. A bolero by the Rafael Munoz Orchestra.

PETALOS DE ROSA and NO MUEVAS LA CINTURA. RCA Victor 23-0043, 89¢. A bolero and a guaracha by the Rafael Munoz Orchestra.

HAZLO BUENO and NENA. RCA Victor 23-1528, 89¢. A bolero-mambo and a guaracha by the Quarteto Jimenez.

HAITI

FOLK MUSIC OF HAITI. Folkways LP P-407, $5.95. Ibo, congo, and arada dances; cult and secular songs.

DRUMS OF HAITI. Folkways LP P-403, $5.95. Drum rhythms of Vodun and other dances.

HAITIAN PIANO. Folkways LP FP-837, $4.45. Meringues played by Fabre Duroseau.

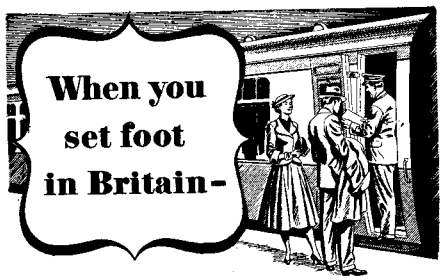
CAROLINA CARO and PANAMA TOMBE. RCA Victor 23-5169, 89¢. Haitian congas played by Daniel Santos with ensemble.

TRINIDAD

SONGS OF TRINIDAD. Coral LP BL-58007, $3.35. Sung by Wilmoth Houdini.

CALYPSO CARNIVAL. Monogram LP 800, $3.85. Sung by Duke of Iron.

CALYPSOS. Folkways LP 10, $3. Sung by Duke of Iron.



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slaves, diseased, destitute, but happy in the paradise for which only they are fitted, physically and psychologically. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

CAPRESE CLASSIC: Norman Douglas, who loved Capri and wrote of it in "South Wind" nearly forty years ago, said, shortly before his death, "I thought to have closed up my little writing shop for good and all." Someone showed him a portfolio of pictures of the island by Islay Lyons and he agreed to write the accompanying text for this **"Footnote on Capri"** (McBride $2.75). Mr. Douglas rambles through any number of other accounts of Capri from the historical side, the botanical side, the geological side, now agreeing with the experts and now taking issue with them. The result is a discursive memoir on the place followed by a tart postscript wherein Douglas wondered why his quiet isle was becoming a new Hollywood "disgorging a rabble of flashy trippers" in Bikini bathing suits. There follow the photos, which are pleasant, undistinguished, and printed on coated stock. —H. S.

SOLDIERS' WILES: In England, where societies grow like hedgerows, there is a group called the RAF Escaping Society. Its main purpose is not mutual flattery, but the aid of the civilians and partisans still alive who helped RAF men escape the enemy in the last war. Paul Brickhill, a member himself, has written up the adventures of seven fellow members in **"Escape or Die"** (Norton's $2.95), a book that proves once again that the English are the toughest elastic made.

The title story is about Edward McCormac, who was impounded and tortured in Singapore by the Japanese. He escaped with fifteen men, and five months later he and one other man landed over two thousand miles away in Australia. If that doesn't impress you, there is Anthony Snell, a twenty-one-year-old fighter pilot who was shot down over Sicily, resisted capture for a few days, and was then caught by the Germans, who tried to execute him as a spy. He escaped with seven bullets and fifteen grenade fragments in him, was caught again, and finally made Switzerland several weeks later by jumping off a hospital train headed for Germany. Cyril Rofe had to escape twice before he eventually made his way through Poland to Russia, where he returned to England by way of Murmansk. The last piece in the book was written by Harry Wheeler, who avoided certain execution by staying, through trickery, in a hospital in Paris until the Allied vanguard arrived. Because Wheeler wrote it himself, it is the most exciting selection Mr. Brickhill gives us.

The author has written his book simply and well, but perhaps these stories are too fragmentary as they now stand. The best of the eight pieces deserve to be expanded into full-length accounts, written by the Society members. Then, the results could be permanently included in the peculiar and distinguished literature of the escape, in company with such memorable efforts as Mr. Brickhill's earlier "The Great Escape," Eric Williams's "The Wooden Horse," and Rene Belbenoit's "Dry Guillotine."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLACK WIDOW *Patrick Quentin* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Peter Duluth, N. Y. drama producer, finds dead gal on hands with wife far away; has tough time.	Personnel not convincing; situation implausible; solution good as could be expected.	Doesn't jell
BLONDES DIE YOUNG *Bill Peters* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Bill Canilli, Phil. eye, falls for Chi. gal, finds her dead, wreaks vengeance.	Hoods and skirts jostle each other as blood, rum, flow in buckets.	New toughie entry
THE CURIOUS CRIME *A. E. Martin* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Nephew fingered when aunt is strangled; Australian authorities worry over this one.	Interested parties take turns telling stories (à la the late Browning).	Not too effective
THE QUEEN'S AWARDS *Ellery Queen, Editor* (Little Brown: $2.75)	Seventh series under same management—a fixture, and a sound one; sixteen stories in present package.	Names run gamut from brand-newcomers to old China hands.	Good
PRISONER'S BASE *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Nooses cut off three gals' breaths before Nero Wolfe snags roping artist.	Archie Goodwin and cops work hard to bring this one off.	Good

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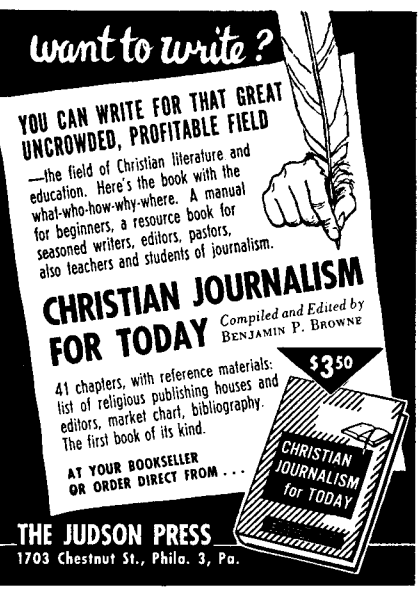
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THE FINE ARTS

FROM DAVID TO DELACROIX

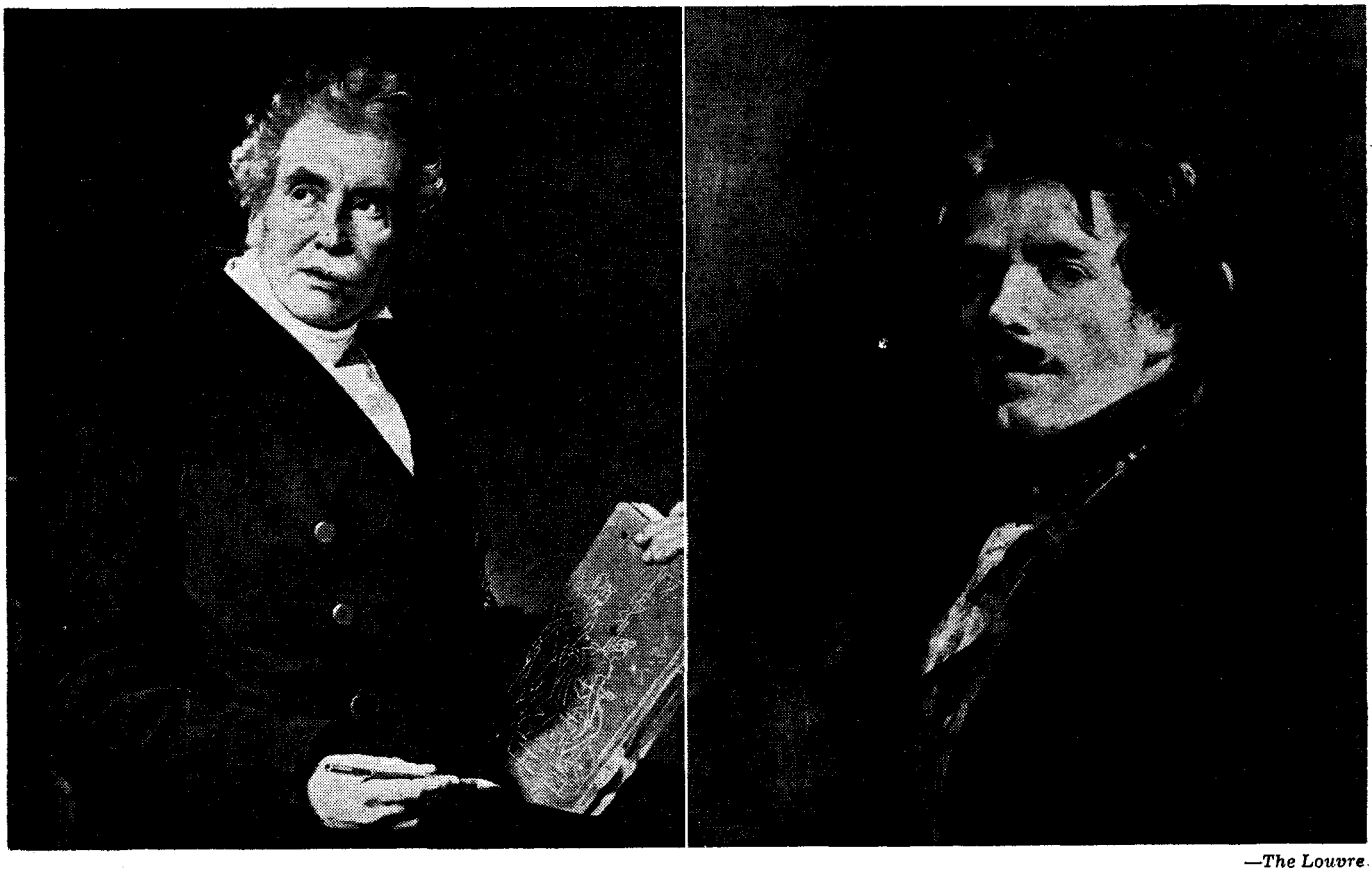
IT SEEMS astonishing that so little comprehensive, critical material has been published in English lately about French art of the first half of the nineteenth century. Widespread interest in impressionism and post-impressionism, not to mention an engulfing enthusiasm for modern art, has tended to focus research on more recent periods. Nevertheless, the painting created in France between roughly 1780 and the advent of Courbet is of extraordinary interest, both in itself and because of its effect on later artists. This painting is dealt with by the new edition of Walter Friedlaender's "David to Delacroix," first issued in German in 1930 and now admirably translated by Robert Goldwater.*

The book is short but remarkable for the conviction with which it handles its subject. Dr. Friedlaender is a man of immense erudition. He does not allow this fact to entangle him in the brambles of literary conjecture that have proved tormenting to many other scholars of the period. He suggests early that the comforting antitheses between "classic" and "romantic" are often imprecise and naive when applied to painting. And, while not neglecting important analogies between the visual imagery of a given decade and that decade's poetic, philosophical, and political currents, he keeps his eye resolutely on stylistic developments. The roots of these developments are deeper in the past than generally supposed; they are also intertwined, as this authoritative book makes apparent, to a degree which must make the pat genealogists of art history despair.

By insisting on contradictions within the art-historical sweep, by confining the discussion to painting's intrinsic vocabulary primarily, Dr. Friedlaender does much to put our knowledge of his subject on a firm basis. This is a book for those interested in *art*. Their number is smaller than they or we suppose. But lest I make Dr. Friedlaender's approach sound pedantic, let me say at once that his book is enlivened by acute phrasing. Could any description of a certain kind of late-eighteenth-century French painting be more lively than this? "Everything is haunted by an effete and washed-out rococo which, in ridding itself of overt eroticism, had produced a more painful *volupté décente*, a kind of lascivious chastity. . . . Greuze's innocently voluptuous young maidens are typical examples of this sort of erotic prudery."

Against the decadent late rococo style Jacques Louis David eventually rebelled. Yet David's conversion to classicism was neither so abrupt nor so dogmatic as we sometimes think and, as Dr. Friedlaender points out, the master was influenced by forces alien to the Greeks and the Romans: "Long before the German 'Nazarenes,' David admired Fra Angelico and the sculpture of the Middle Ages. Not only had he studied Poussin, the Bolognese, and Caravaggio, but in his teaching he also praised the artists of an opposite tendency—the Flemish, and above all Rubens, whom he went to Flanders especially to study." Thus we see David, in predilection and training at least, as a distinguished eclectic whose Spartanism has been exaggerated because of its suit-

*DAVID TO DELACROIX. By Walter Friedlaender. Translated by Robert Goldwater. Harvard University Press. $6



—The Louvre.

The painter David, by Langlois, and self-portrait of Delacroix.

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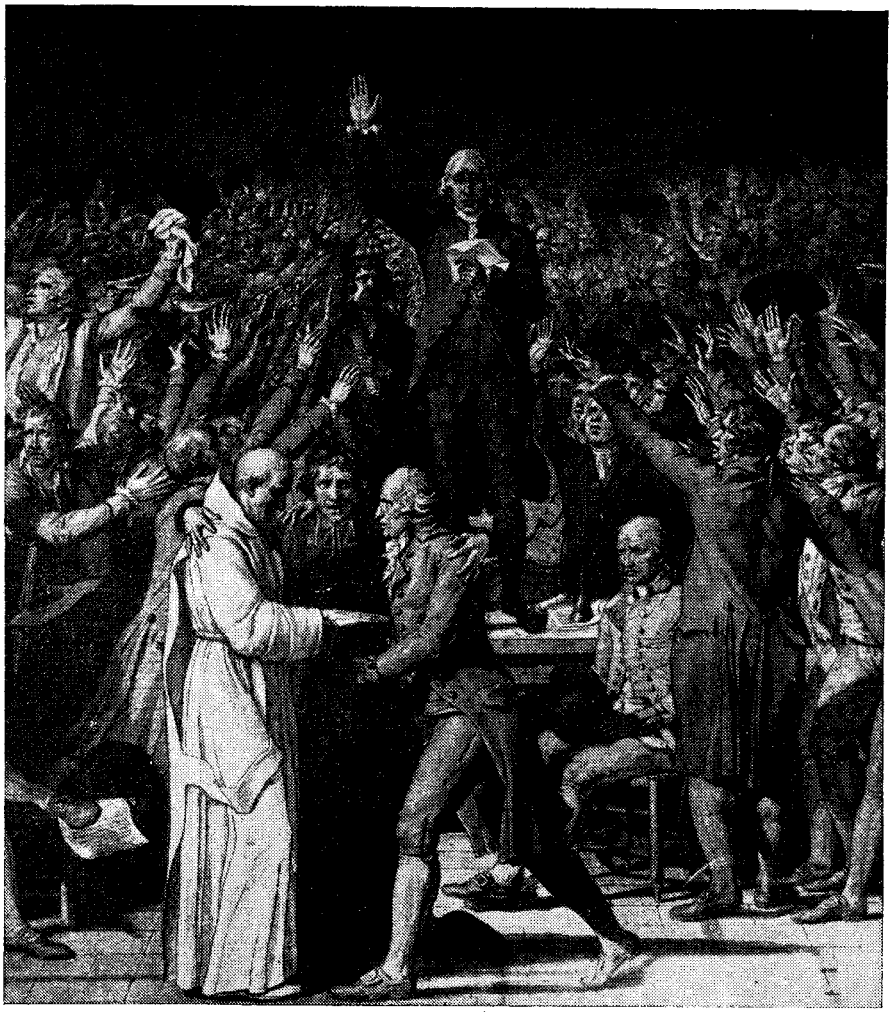
ability to political developments—the Revolution and the Empire. Dr. Friedlaender does valuable service in recalling other remarkable facets of David's genius: his youthful, baroque pictures, his drawings of ceremonial assemblies, with that "stormy and exciting movement which the French call *fougue*," his magnificent late portraits wherein "the old master was touched once again by the living present and did not fail."

THE succeeding chapter is devoted to David's disciples—both those ultra-classicists who followed directly in his wake and the anti-classicists who refuted him. With the exception of Girodet, the latter are the more interesting as to program. Known variously as the "Primatifs," the "Penseurs," and the "Barbus," they symbolized, in Dr. Friedlaender's eloquent words, "the appearance of a new artistic wave, European in character, archaistic, abstract, and romantic. [They] gave classicism its death blow, but by introducing its opposite—romantic anticlassicism — breathed into it a new and different life." I wish Dr. Friedlaender could have given us more material about the "Barbus." But as one who spent considerable time looking vainly in French museums for a single work by their leader, Maurice Quaï, I can sympathize with his labors.

If the works of the "Barbus" have disappeared, their spirit survives, immeasurably refined, in occasional archaistic works by Ingres, above all those wryly distorted little pictures which were considered too "Gothic" by Ingres's contemporaries. Today these pictures are impressive—and puzzling. "Puzzling," that is, until one reads Dr. Friedlaender's brilliant descriptions of the anti-classical currents which affected Ingres's art (even though he was never a "Barbu"), and at times modified his extreme devotion to Raphael. As in his chapter on David, the author does not attempt in dealing with Ingres to establish a complete counter-personality or to challenge traditional estimates of the main body of the artist's work. Rather he enriches our understanding by a thoughtful analysis of complexities of temperament and vision to which great masters are naturally subject, I know of no account, long or short, of Ingres's development which is more revelatory than that in this book.

As a matter of structure and in the interests of continuity, it might have been better if the chapter on Ingres had followed that on the "Barbus." Instead there intervenes a section on proto-baroque tendencies in art at the turn of the century, with special reference to Prudhon and Gros. Thus Gros is separated by the study of Ingres from his two great successors in romanticism—Géricault and Delacroix. But then, Prudhon is a problem both chronologically and stylistically, and perhaps the present sequence of the book is right in that it sets up the rising proto-baroque trend as concurrent with classicism. At any rate, I think Dr. Friedlaender devotes too little space to Baron Gros. I wish there could have been more about Gros's childhood environment (his maternal grandmother was Flemish, his father an avid collector of Dutch and Flemish paintings) which does something to explain why the artist became at one point an ardent Rubenist. I wish, too, that there could have been more material about Gros's early years in Italy, when he came under the influence of the Italian poet Vittorio Alfieri and was exposed to "Gothick" literature, beloved of the romantics. Gros did not produce many works in the "Gothick" vein. But they are interesting and afford a startling contrast to the vivid, revolutionary battlepieces he produced after Josephine caught him up in her glamorous train and took him off to see the tired but unconquerable Napoleon.



—*The Louvre.*

"Le serment au jeu de paume, groupe central," by J.-L. David.

Dr. Friedlaender's admiration for Géricault is almost total, and rightly so, for that vigorous, short-lived master was, as he says, "one of the greatest French artists of a rich century." His comments on Géricault's visit to England, with attendant changes in style, could have been more extensive, but Dr. Friedlaender must be the first art historian to have given proper significance to Géricault's marvelous "Horseracing at Epsom": "This is an absolute sensation of the eye, a sudden grasp of the flying and the fleeting. . . . A new genre had been created, which was to be continued only later in the century by the impressionists and by Degas."

For Delacroix, Dr. Friedlaender has both praise and blame. The former by far outweighs the latter, and yet it is difficult to resist the impression that Dr. Friedlaender is perhaps himself too convinced a Poussinist (he is the leading authority on Poussin's drawings) to like very much a dedicated Rubenist like Delacroix.

—James Thrall Soby.

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—*From "Watteau to Tiepolo."*

"A Boy as Pierrot," by Honoré Fragonard—"those others are too much the artists."

Ochre to Cobalt to Carmine

WATTEAU TO TIEPOLO. By François Fosca. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. New York: Skira. 147 *pp.* 64 color plates. $12.50.

By Walter Pach

WHEN discussing the Skira art books on previous occasions, the main question seemed to me to be that of the color plates; they come near to accounting for about half of each of these volumes. But with the present book no warning is necessary as to the almost impassable gulf between originals and reproductions. Fine as many of the plates in this book are, many more than a few of them fall below the immensely high level that Skira attained before, and so it would be a very insensitive observer indeed who failed to see that the frequently hot and opaque images here are producing an effect radically different from the work of the great eighteenth-century painters.

The choice of illustrations is refreshing, for many are of works in rarely visited museums and private collections. A corollary as to this point is furnished by the author's admirable treatment of Liotard. During the many decades that his picture of the girl serving chocolate has been reproduced on boxes of that product, millions of people have formed a hazy acquaintance with it. We may safely say that not one of those persons, coming across the original in Dresden, has failed to see that the pale print encircling those innumerable tin cans derived from a work of exquisite distinction. And as the choice of subjects in this book widens our knowledge of the artists, so M. Fosca's illuminating of the long and fruitful career of Liotard will add new value to the wealth of this enchanting period.

Wide reading and the sensitivity of a man intensely interested in his subject are only two of the qualities that make this work valuable. That its treatment of the eighteenth century is not merely adequate and sympathetic is proved by the author's discussion of William Blake. In his rejection of the wild praise usually bestowed on the poet-painter by writers, M. Fosca gives an example of the courage which distinguishes those few critics who add to the world's stock of ideas.

Yet, because of this very preoccupation with the matters peculiar to the painter's craft, I turn now to what I cannot regard as other than a fault in this able critic's judgment. When he says, "Why, then, are Chardin's canvases so vastly superior to those of Jan Steen, Metsu, or Terborch?" I must answer (omitting Metsu) that they are not. M. Fosca does not leave the matter with a mere affirmation—nor shall I. He answers his own question by continuing: "Because Chardin, like Vermeer, had a truer sense of painting than the artists named above and also a way of handling his pigment all his own."

Here is a critic adopting the craftsman's point of view as few others of his calling have been willing to do or able to do. But see what this leads to when factors more important than craftsmanship are forgotten, even momentarily. On a later page, our author says, "If Vermeer is far superior to other Dutch painters this is due to the *way* in which he painted, which is why, after Rembrandt, he is the greatest artist of his race." Precisely because the *way* that Vermeer painted could (to an astounding degree) be imitated, a forger like van Meegheren was able to deceive the art world for a time.

But when we come to Frans Hals, even his unequaled technical power is insufficient to account for the greatness of his work; there is a dimension to it not to be explained by the way he painted. As for Ruisdael, to take another Dutchman whom one may rate far higher than Vermeer, we have the testimony of that supreme judge of painting, Delacroix. After seeing works by Rubens and Watteau, idols of his whole lifetime, he comes on a modest picture by the landscapist, and finds those two marvelous masters of his choice diminished by Ruisdael's humble and profound work. His exclamation, "Those others are too much the artists," has never been absent from my mind during the thirty-odd years since I first read it in the great man's "Journal." It is one to call to mind again when contemplating the adorable works through which the eighteenth century brought art to perfections never known before.

Walter Pach is the author of "The Art Museum in America" and other books.

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Ming, Yin, & Chou

A CATALOGUE OF THE CHINESE BRONZES IN THE ALFRED F. PILLSBURY COLLECTION. By Bernhard Karlgren. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 228 *pp.* $25.

By KUANGCHI C. CHANG

THE ALFRED F. PILLSBURY collection of Chinese bronzes at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, in the words of the author of this catalogue, is one of the most prominent collections in existence—in the very front rank of collections outside China and Japan. Both the connoisseur and the layman, after turning the pages and examining the full-page plates and the text, will not need further convincing to agree with Dr. Karlgren's statement. Even though these photographs convey only the barest documentary details, and not the brilliant patina and mellowed texture, one is immediately impressed with the selection of bronzes, gathered over a period of two decades by a man who has gone about the business of collecting with a devotion tempered only by unremitting good taste. If the collection itself is superior, no less is the catalogue compiled by Dr. Bernhard Karlgren, the director of the East Asiatic Collections of the Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities in Stockholm.

Collecting Chinese bronzes is a comparatively new hobby in the West. Not until the early 1920's, when intensive and highly organized archeological excavations were undertaken on ancient sites in North China, were Chinese and Western scholars alike spurred to study and research in this aspect of Chinese art. Since then, many notable exhibitions of bronzes belonging to the Chinese government and private collectors have been held in the United States and Europe. These exhibitions, together with the writings of archeologists and the activities of Chinese antique entrepreneurs, have promoted a more general understanding and appreciation of this art in the West. Today, many museums throughout the world include in their prized collections some of the best examples of bronze that have come out of China.

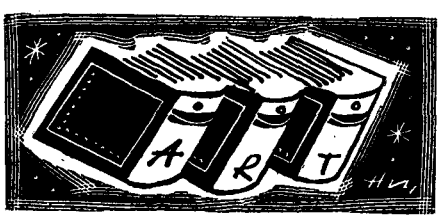
Bronzes are the earliest art expression of the Chinese people. The remote beginnings of this art are obscure and will remain so unless or until future archeological excavations bring to light more data on the subject. Bronzes have been found to have been flourishing in an already remarkably advanced state of development more than 3500 years ago. The best works are to be found among those cast in the thousand years roughly between 1300 and 300 B.C. All the pieces in this collection, except one, came from that period.

Of this collection of 103 items, including ritual vessels, utensils, Chung bells, implements, fittings, etc., the largest group, sixty-five in number, belong to the Yin (circa 1300-1028 B.C.) and Early Chou (circa 1027-900 B.C.) periods, and the next, twenty-seven in number, belong to the Huai style period (circa 600-222 B.C.). Of the remaining items, ten are works produced in the three hundred years intervening between the two group-periods just mentioned, and only one piece, a toilet box, represents the relatively recent Han era (207 B.C.-A.D. 220).

The most impressive items in this collection are undoubtedly the ritual vessels from the Yin and Early Chou periods. The dating of these vessels has been carefully worked out. Each vessel is assigned not only a period—Yin, Yin-or-Early-Chou, or Early Chou, to which it chronologically belongs—but also a style, A, B, or Mixed, in which it is shaped and decorated.

This system of dating bronzes by their style of shape and decoration is Dr. Karlgren's own. He arrived at this system after painstaking studies of a highly scientific and statistical nature, and has explained and discussed it at length in the bulletins of the Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities, Stockholm. Unfortunately, he does not mention the nature of these styles in this catalogue. Users of this catalogue who do not happen to be familiar with his system would have profited by a reference, even in the briefest terms, to these styles.

This catalogue contains 228 pages of text, consisting of some preliminary remarks on chronology, description of the bronzes with illustrations, and an index, as well as a foreword by A. F. Pillsbury, the owner-donor of the collection and an acknowledgment by Russell A. Plimpton, the director of the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. The description of the bronzes and the interpretation of the inscriptions on some of them are detailed and show the same quality of untiring, even unrelenting, thoroughness that characterizes all of Dr. Karlgren's writings, whether on Chinese art or on the Chinese classics.



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After Kon-Tiki, Before Pizarro

THE ART OF ANCIENT PERU. By Heinrich U. Doering. New York: Frederick A. Praeger. 240 pp. $12.50.

By HERBERT J. SPINDEN

HERE is a visual anthology of the best that Peru produced before the coming of Pizarro. It is a selection of fine examples in the arts of construction and representation, including architecture, sculpture in different materials, ceramics, textiles, metal objects, and mosaic jewels. Mr. Doering's presentation is unusual in its restraint. Two hundred and forty superb photographs of scenes and specimens, supplemented by five color plates, are merely numbered without comment or identification. Naive impressions are secured directly upon the eye of the beholder. Then you turn back to some eighteen pages of introduction in which large problems of history are discussed. Next, the plates are covered in numbered paragraphs, with fuller details and comparisons. Similarities are noted and techniques discussed.

The personality of South America's primary civilization, which sets world standards in textiles, and ranks high in portraiture, in strange crafts, in plant and animal domestications, in dyes and medicines, is woefully short on names and dates, except for the red twilight of Spanish contact. "Ancient Peru," says Mr. Doering, "magnificent though its material and spiritual creations are, has remained without a script and for no less than three-quarters of its history there is not a single fact reported on which to base its chronology." It is just as well, perhaps, that the arrangement of subject matter is given in reverse, counting backward from the Conquest.

The Inca Empire extended, at the end of its career, from the Mayo River in southern Colombia to the latitudes of Mendoza in Argentina and Santiago in Chile. But Doering's Peru excludes Ecuador and includes, in Bolivia, only Lake Titicaca and the environs of Tiahuanaco. The Incas, like the Aztecs, were a military end product, practical and disenchanted but retaining skills. At the other end of the vista in Peru was Chavín and its condors. "The Chavín style manifested itself in works of art that vibrate with an almost fierce religious faith. . . . If there is any style to show the 'tremendum' in the highest degree, it is the style of Chavín. Close to it, that of Tiahuanaco."

Here the counterpart is the brave religious art of the Maya in Central America, a fact which Max Uhle recognized. He tried to link Tiahuanaco to Esmeraldas and Copan, but could not find the clinching evidence. Julio Tello thought the same and shortly before his death he and I compared our transmissions along the Andes between Mexico and Peru, and discussed the transfer of techniques and cosmic concepts. Beeswax from domesticated bees was a common factor in South and North, producing negative painting in pottery, batik on cloth, and the lost-wax process for casting metals. Probably that start was Colombia, we both thought.

But the sun was a rampant jaguar divinity wearing the sun disc as a halo, with serpent rays and ruling with a lightning spear and a thunderbolt scepter. In Peru and Central America similar pictures on early stone monuments unite the two frontiers. The Peruvian data was brought to light by Tello in northern gorges and mountain crests. Stone statues that wear sun disc designs on their tunics, sun gods carved on stone lintels to be finally embodied on great sculptures at Tiahuanaco, and a ferocious symbolism of jaguars, serpents, and condors on stone slabs at Chavín. Peru has no dates, but the Jaguar Stairway at Copan says with astronomical compliance, March 27, 511 A.D. Doering follows Uhle and Tello but listens wisely to others. He says: "Three pan-Peruvian styles at certain epochs are almost ubiquitous: the Inca style of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; the Tiahuanaco style of about 500 or more years earlier; and the Chavín style of which we can hardly say more than that it was in vogue before 500 A.D. . . . The intervals between the pan- styles are filled with . . . the Mochica style in the North . . . the Nasca and the two Paracas styles in the South."

Mother and child from Chicama Valley, Peru; early Mochica culture, about 400 A.D.

Doering approves of but could not avail himself of now published summaries of Carbon-14 dating which show that wandering hunters, houseless and uncultured, lived in Peru for five millennia before settlements were made and plants or herds tamed. The first pottery appears, it seems, about 1250 B.C. along with introduced maize to supplement native squashes. On the meager record the nomads lacked conveniences, but believed in animal helpers and a sentient universe. Peruvian art and Maya art, too, is dominated by animal gods of land and sea, executed it may be with simple realism or overpowering complications. The subject is dynamic. Of one thing we may be sure after sad experience: ideals that make great civilizations cannot be caught effectively by screening kitchen dumps.

Herbert J. Spinden, former curator of American Indian art and primitive cultures at the Brooklyn Museum, has made extensive explorations for ruined cities in Central and South America.

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Bookmarks

In his engaging "Duveen," S. N. Behrmann describes a famous lawsuit involving two Rembrandts the disposition of which hinged on a cablegram which could not be found—until, long after the issue was decided, the document dropped out of a studbook in the Joseph E. Widener living-room. A book is a dangerous repository for anything except its particular and proper contents. Antiquarian booksellers have occasionally found paper money between the leaves (there is at least one instance of a twenty-dollar bill thus restored to circulation), and their customers have probably come upon similar trove and said nothing about it. And never, never use a book as a letter-sealer—not unless you want the letter to go on being sealed indefinitely.

* * *

"We resent being called postmen," writes William Absolon, who operates out of Logan Square Station, Chicago. "We are and prefer to be called *mailmen,* which is good American idiom." The Post Office Department, he points out, "officially designates us *carriers.* Neither," he adds, "do we ring twice." We remember when mailmen had whistles—a cheerful sound, but presumably not to everybody.

* * *

Employes of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York are taking courses in speed reading, and former 275-word-a-minute plodders are now breezing along at a 400 gait, with star pupils reaching 800 in the sprints (which equals 19.9 seconds for the Gettysburg Address, 8.5 for Milton "On His Blindness.") The common fault of slow readers, we learn, is regressing. But there might be less regressive reading if there were less regressive writing.

* * *

A "gentleman in the West Side of Manhattan" wishes to register a protest "about the use of *do you have?* for *have you?*" This, it seems to us, is an affair of personal choice. And much may depend on whether the questioner is asking "Do you have Fitzpatrick and Olsen's macaroni?" or "Do you have a light?"

* * *

Baltimore police recently found "a large packet of policy slips" between the pages of a gambler's Bible. "Take my slips but don't take my Bible," the culprit begged. He wanted to console himself, perhaps, with Deuteronomy 25:2. —J. T. W.

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(Continued on page 50)

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TRAVEL: Companion, 21-26, college graduate, to Florida for winter resort work. Spring—across country to California. Congenial, intelligent, spirit of adventure. Box L-818.

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ECONOMIST COMPLETING PRESENT ASSIGNMENT available for position requiring broad experience in economic and financial research. Has served as senior economist and chief security analyst for prominent institutions. Publications. Box L-803.

COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY PUBLIC RELATIONS: Well-known practitioner wishes to change from political and industrial field to academic. Has background of notable successes including 10 years government ending as assistant to cabinet member. Has served as principal public relations aide to many notable figures in public life. Experienced research, publishing, staff administration. Age 41. Box L-801.

WANTED: Young man, secretarial assistant and traveling companion. Pioneer western business executive. Box L-799.

WEARY OF REVOLVING IN PLACE, polished young man of earnest background and infinite aptitude would break out in the employ of moving internationalist, as companion and Man Friday. Box L-797.

MAN, 50, Ph.D., teacher college English, seeks employment. Box L-795.

PHONOGRAPH, various talking records needed for D.P.; also used magazines, books. Will pay shipping. Box L-792.

HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH TEACHER, female, permanently appointed and rapidly demoralizing, would change to editorial work within commuting range of NYC. Box L-791.

ABC SHORTHAND, $2, returnable. ZINMAN, 215-S West 91 St., NYC 24.

POSITION WANTED: Astrologist for entertainments. No private readings. Box L-812.

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For Sale

GOLDEN BEACH, directly north Miami Beach, carefully zoned area, cement block and stucco home; 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, on intercoastal water way; practically new, expensively furnished, carefully landscaped, private dock. Illness compels sale. Rare opportunity. OWNER. Box L-806.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

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BEDFORD (N.Y.) VICINITY; ½ acre, unfinished building, suitable studio. $3,500. Box L-820.

STAMFORD, CONN. Beautiful new custom-built ranch home, large picture windows, 2 enormous bedrooms, unfinished portion same floor 20 x 30 feet, custom kitchen with Laundromat, beamed living room ceiling. Full cellar, 2-car garage, approximately 2 quiet scenic acres. $39,500. Telephone SUsquehanna 7-5000 (NYC), extension 608; except Mondays and Tuesdays.

FIFTY MILES AND BEYOND from New York, in Connecticut; antique, modern, unusual homes. Telephone Broker at ATwater 9-4017 (NYC) weekdays.

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GLENWOOD PLANTATION HOUSE, Napoleonville, La. Restful, informal, delicious southern cuisine; spacious, comfortable rooms. Near New Orleans and Evangeline country, perfect Christmas vacation. Guest cottages also available. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Munson.

TUILAUVENT. Ideal for restful weekends and vacations. Beautiful in the fall. French cooking. Open all year. Maple Road, Brewster, N.Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 971

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American historian and educator, author of several series of histories (1854-1943).	30 63 59 2
B. To do little but eat and grow.	127 55 28 179 6 21 88 71
C. Daughter of Saul and wife of David (Bib.)	121 131 54 39 171 8
D. Pulitzer Prize drama in 1935.	11 25 85 68 153 124 170
E. An authoritative demand for.	41 61 143 95 185 162 149 104 166 89 120
F. Sixth legendary king of the early Romans (576-34 B.C.).	29 140 172 16 119 58 186
G. Pertaining to the self-alleged translations by Macpherson of a Gaelic poem of the third century.	19 5 13 155 24 182 126 62 94 144 92
H. A climbing fern used in the Philippines for hats and basketry work.	87 137 108 36
I. Among American aborigines, the usual way for traversing woods (2 wds.).	33 148 116 100 128 141 81 181 173 98
J. The books of the Hebrew Bible generally called "The Prophets".	27 40 135 3 103 99
K. Round timbers used to support the sides or back of a mine working (mining).	106 38 113 32 110 180
L. Patron saint of goldsmiths.	79 22 26 7

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Set forth in distinct particulars.	161 97 50 105 150 114 75 72
N. Supplies arranged for successive reliefs.	163 122 48 176 157 134
O. A cyprinoid fish of the Columbia River.	174 160 109 4 17 9 43 65 147 53 74
P. Laced boots, ankle high (comp.).	184 158 64 51 49 42 20 167
Q. An upright four-sided monolith, pyramidal at top.	86 15 31 129 151 76 23
R. Makes obeisance.	37 125 57 70 102 91 93
S. Imaginary country invented as their home by gypsy hordes invading Europe, 15th century (2 wds.).	66 14 130 18 82 115 35 178 136 152 138
T. Chooses.	90 10 156 165
U. Territory of the native ruler of Hyderabad.	84 142 78 52 146 47 159 133
V. Inhabitants of former Austrian crownland on the Adriatic.	123 96 101 132 44 168 60 117 177 107
W. Followers of an American playwright who received Pulitzer Prizes in 1920, 1922, 1928, and Nobel Prize in 1936.	83 45 169 67 111 154 77 139 183 12
X. In the Middle Ages, a list of the most eminent of the world's heroes; as David, Hector, etc. (2 wds.).	56 69 34 145 46 80 112 73 175 1 164 118

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	1 X	2 A	■	3 J	4 O	■	5 G	6 B	7 L	8 C	9 O	■	10 T
11 D	12 W	13 G	14 S	15 Q	16 F	17 O	■	18 S	19 G	■	20 P	21 B	22 L	23 Q	■	24 G
25 D	26 L	27 J	28 B	■	29 F	30 A	31 Q	■	32 K	33 I	34 X	35 S	■	36 H	37 R	■
38 K	39 C	40 J	■	41 E	42 P	43 O	44 V	45 W	■	46 X	47 U	48 N	49 P	■	50 M	51 P
52 U	53 O	■	54 C	55 B	56 X	57 R	58 F	59 A	60 V	61 E	62 G	■	63 A	64 P	65 O	■
66 S	67 W	68 D	69 X	70 R	71 B	72 M	■	73 X	74 O	75 M	■	76 Q	77 W	78 U	79 L	■
80 X	81 I	■	82 S	83 W	84 U	85 D	86 Q	87 H	■	88 B	89 E	■	90 T	91 R	92 G	■
93 R	94 G	95 E	96 V	97 M	98 I	■	99 J	100 I	101 V	102 R	■	103 J	104 E	■	105 M	106 K
■	107 V	108 H	109 O	110 K	111 W	■	112 X	113 K	114 M	115 S	116 I	■	117 V	118 X	■	119 F
120 E	■	121 C	122 N	123 V	124 D	125 R	126 G	127 B	128 I	129 Q	■	130 S	131 C	132 V	133 U	134 N
■	135 J	136 S	■	137 H	138 S	139 W	■	140 F	141 I	142 U	143 E	144 G	145 X	■	146 U	147 O
148 I	149 E	150 M	151 Q	152 S	153 D	154 W	155 G	156 T	157 N	■	158 P	159 U	■	160 O	161 M	162 E
■	163 N	164 X	165 T	166 E	167 P	168 V	169 W	170 D	■	171 C	172 F	173 I	■	174 O	175 X	176 N
177 V	178 S	179 B	180 K	■	181 I	182 G	■	183 W	184 P	185 E	186 F	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue

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When talk turns to important new books...

do you hear yourself saying:

"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that"

A SELF-CHECK ON YOUR RECENT READING HABITS

How many of these good new books have you failed to read in spite of your intentions?

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Giant—Edna Ferber ..... ☐
The Silver Chalice—Thomas B. Costain.. ☐
Witness—Whittaker Chambers ..... ☐
Matador—Barnaby Conrad ..... ☐
The Sea Around Us—Rachel L. Carson... ☐
The Houses in Between—Howard Spring. ☐
Beyond the High Himalayas —William O. Douglas ☐
The Cruel Sea—Nicholas Monsarrat..... ☐
Gods, Graves and Scholars—C. W. Ceram ☐
The New Yorker 25th Anniversary Album ☐
Journey to the Far Pacific —Thomas E. Dewey ☐
Lincoln and His Generals—T. H. Williams ☐
The Sinner of Saint Ambrose —Robert Raynolds ☐
Winston Churchill—Robert Lewis Taylor ☐
Melville Goodwin, USA—J. P. Marquand ☐
Closing the Ring—Winston Churchill.... ☐
From Here to Eternity—James Jones..... ☐
The Magnificent Century—T. B. Costain.. ☐
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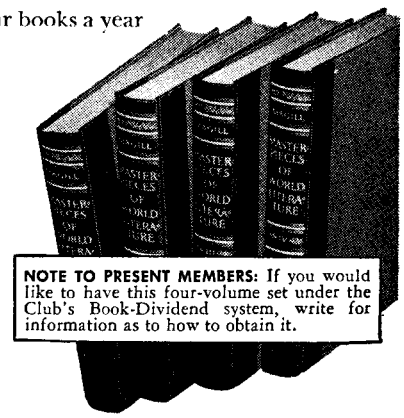

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